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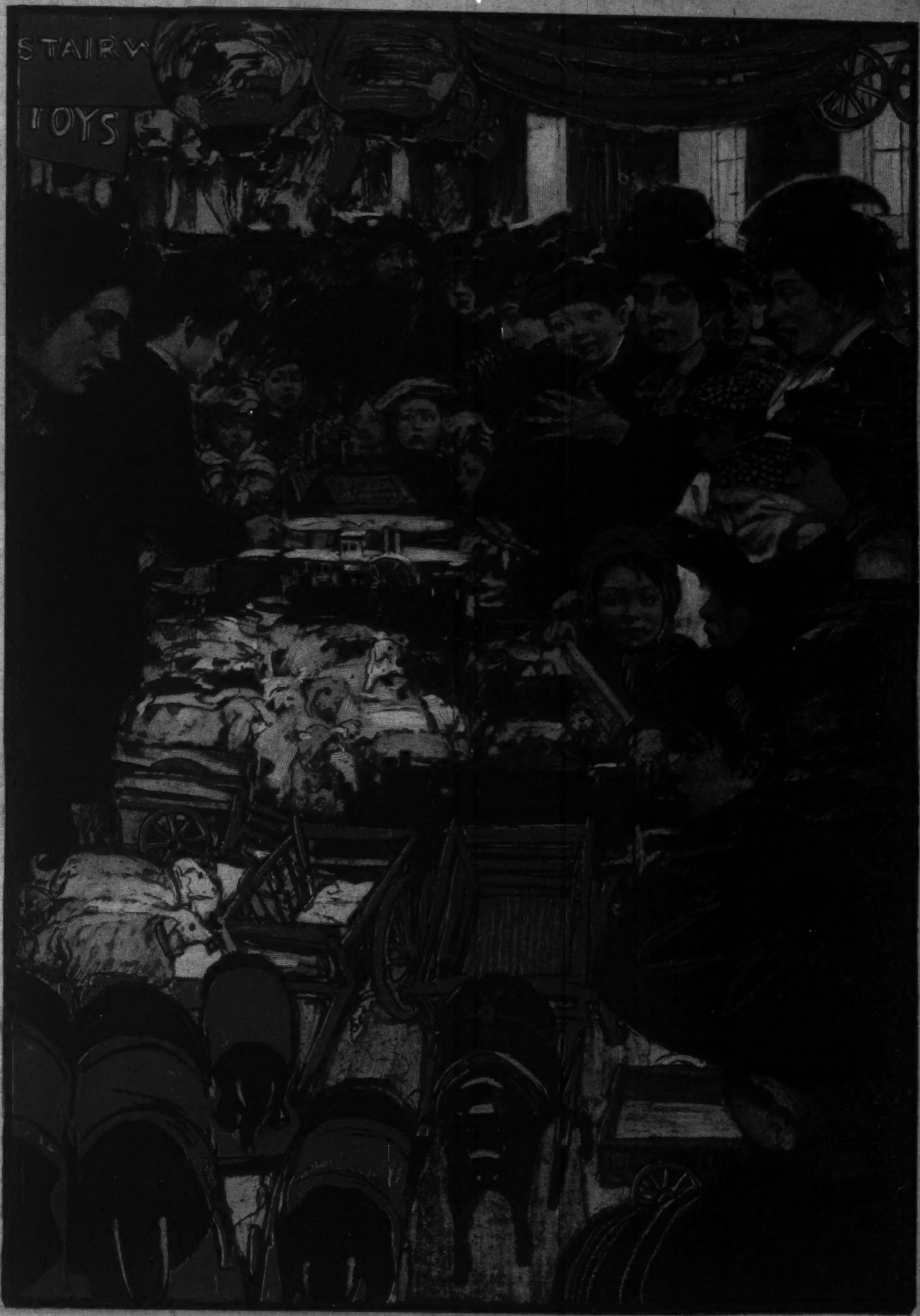
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK DECEMBER 22 1900



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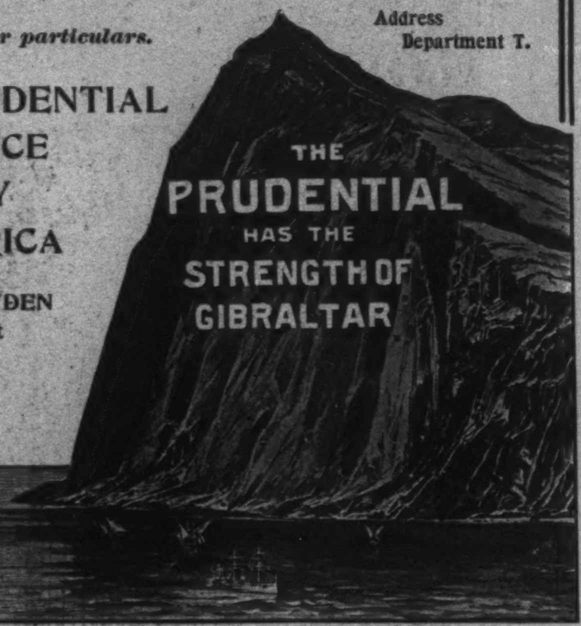

A Holiday Suggestion

DO IT NOW!

WE have nothing to say against the merits of books as Holiday gifts. We are publishers of books as well as magazines, and a good book is a good thing, either to keep or to give to a friend, but we do wish to say something of our periodicals. Perhaps "The Philadelphia Ledger" has characterized them as well as any one could. It said recently:

> *"The influence which the Harper periodicals have exercised in every channel of improving thought and achievement can be scarcely measured; it has flowed continuously on, over vast areas, among millions of people, learned and unlearned, upon all of whom it has acted as an elevating, refining force. In very many American homes these periodicals are the only library, and if in that character they are not exhaustive, they are, it must be admitted, a fair substitute for a library."*

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Vol. XLIV.
No. 2296

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Dec. 22
1900

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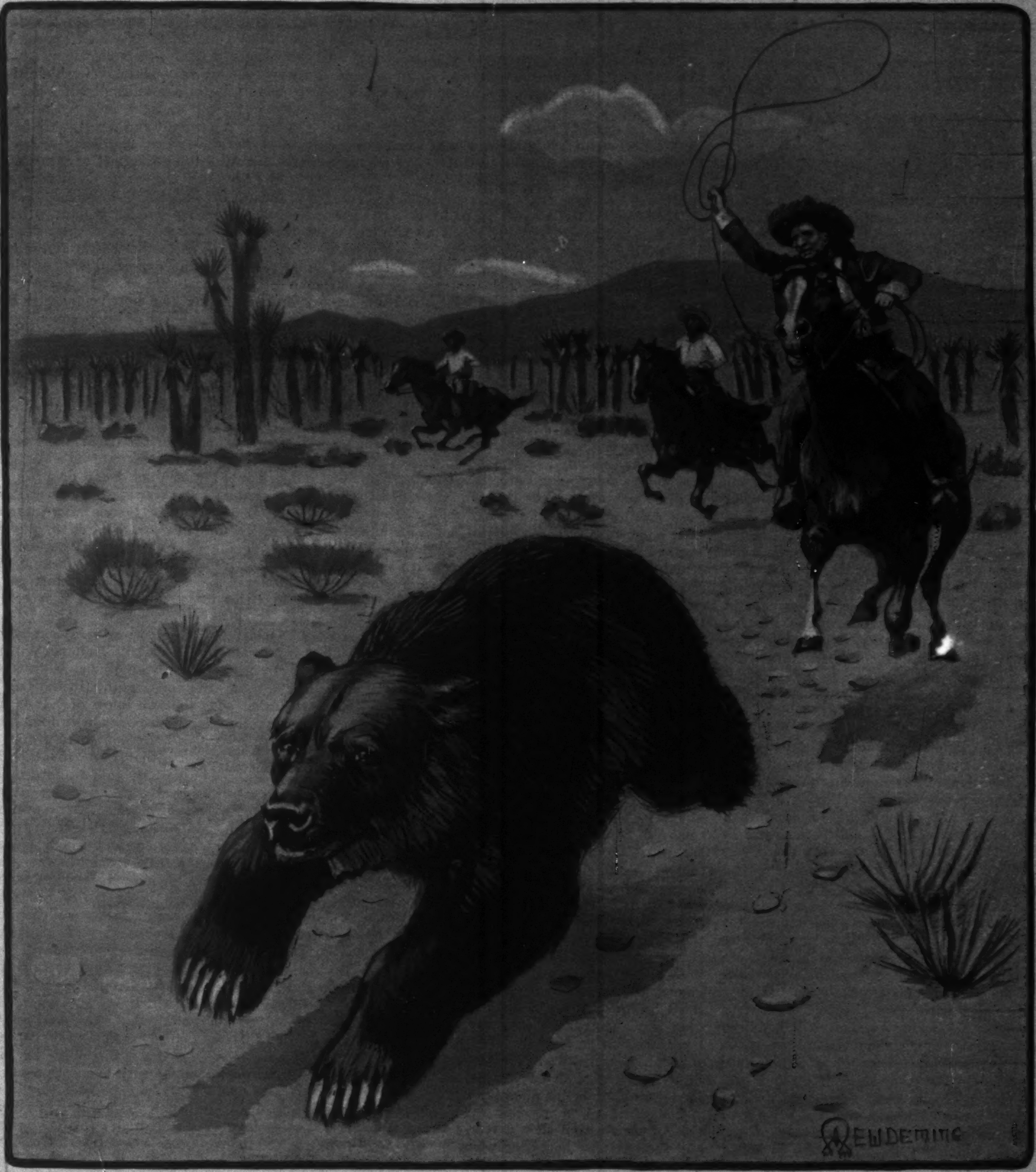

LASSOING BEARS IN ARIZONA.

The roping of bear, mountain lion, and even deer is a favorite pastime of the Arizona cowboy, and at the same time affords a test of his accuracy with the rope and the speed and activity of his horse. He seldom misses a "throw" when the animal is within range, but in the roping of bear not only must the cowboy be successful in placing the noose about the bear's neck, but he must draw it taut before the wily brute shakes it off.

HARPER'S
WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 22, 1900

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A Twentieth Century Opportunity

IN considering the achievements of the nineteenth century one finds so many things accomplished that were not only unknown but undreamed of at its beginning, that it is difficult even for the most inventive of minds to think of anything that has been left for the twentieth century to bring forth. In the somewhat illuminating papers that are now in course of publication in the WEEKLY is being shown the development of the century in Art and Literature, in Science and Religion, in Music and the Drama, and in other fields of human endeavor. Progress is shown all along the line, and the Christian world starts in on its twentieth round of years distinctly in advance of the position it occupied one hundred years ago in these particular branches of effort; but whether or not we have improved socially, or in respect to certain details of human intercourse are better off to-day than were our forefathers, is an open question. In some ways we unquestionably seem to have improved. In matters of education we are, on the whole, better generally informed than were our forebears of the year of grace 1800. The wide dissemination of literature and of newspapers is quite as much responsible for this as is the notable development in the system of public instruction. The average of culture, if not of intelligence, is probably higher under the sway of McKINLEY than it was under that of ADAMS, but whether or not this advance in sophistication has destroyed something in us that used to lend charm to the character of our ancestors is debatable. In some respects we think it has. The fine simplicity that was characteristic of life in the olden days and which seems in great measure to have departed from us has no compensation in the new order of things; lavish expenditure and display have gone hand in hand with the raising of the standard of cultivation, and in some quarters it has gone so far that living has become artificial, and to that extent less potential for happiness. At no season is this more apparent than at a moment like the present. The old-time Christmas does not seem quite good enough for the modern youth, even the little ones finding themselves less contented with the simpler observance of old than with the more lavish celebration of the present. We see the streets thronged day after day with busy shoppers, and it is a pleasant sight for weary eyes, since it betokens the prevalence of a large-souled and generous spirit that is as beautiful as it is appropriate to the season. On the other hand, if we look into the shops themselves we shall find there articles on sale which we can scarcely credit Santa Claus with having designed for use on his tour of distribution, and which we should be sorry to credit him with if we could. We do not know that we have ever seen a doll that we considered too good for the little girl whose heart was to be made glad by the receipt of it on Christmas morning, and yet we have seen dolls that seemed somewhat more ostentatious and more costly than the little girl's need for happiness required. Similarly, we observe that the articles provided for the Christmas delectation of the small boy of to-day are year after year taking on proportions far more formidable to the pocket-book of the average father or bachelor uncle than the occasion seems to warrant, since, as purveyors of gladness, they are intrinsically no better than were the simpler contrivances of twenty years ago, to hark back only one-fifth, instead of the whole, of the century; and if one will venture into the shops of the silversmith and the goldsmith, where the gifts for grown-ups are displayed in rich profusion, he will be dazzled by the brilliant array of beautiful wares designed especially for the Christmas season, and which, it is unfortunately true, reverse the old adage even in the mind of the most generously disposed citizen and convince him against his conscience that it is more blessed to receive than to give. It is impossible to criticise the generous spirit of the donor who takes pleasure in distributing gifts of this nature, nor is there justification for fault-finding with those who accept them; and it is unquestionably true that the demand for such beautiful gifts has encouraged the artisans of the day to produce delightful specimens of their handiwork; nevertheless it is becoming increasingly evident every year that a Christmas pace is being set which thousands of wistful givers find it hard to keep up with, and which brings woe where there should be nothing but happiness unalloyed, without materially increasing the satisfaction of those who are merely beneficiaries.

Perhaps one of the achievements of the twentieth century will be the discovery of some process by which we may return again to the simpler Christmas usages of our ancestors.

General Chaffee's Mistake

FIELD-MARSHAL VON WALDERSEE has, unconsciously perhaps, given us a clue as to the precise reason for the delays in the settlement of affairs in China. His return of General CHAFFEE's note on looting, for the reason that the case was stated too plainly, is illuminating. The truth of General CHAFFEE's statements and the reasonableness of his contentions are not denied. He merely commits the error of saying what he has to say in terms so plain that no one can fail to understand what he means, which is naturally affronting to the diplomatic minds now holding the floor in the Chinese capital. What he should have done when he observed that abuses were being perpetrated in the name of civilization, and that the troops of the allied forces were rivalling in the intensity and character of their efforts the achievements of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, was first to have written to Field-Marshal VON WALDERSEE on the general subject of the weather, with a few incidental paragraphs concerning the superiority for laundry purposes of the Vin Ordinaire of the Forbidden City over Schuylkill water. Having thus established an *entente cordiale* with the Commander-in-Chief, General CHAFFEE should have addressed a second communication to the Count, calling his attention to the fact that RICHARD CROKER had sailed for England, and asking him, in view of the emergency, what he thought of the *status quo ante* in the Transvaal, coupled with a recommendation to the commissariat that they should use a less explosive kind of baking-powder in the dum-dum bullets served to the American troops in lieu of breakfast rolls. A communication of this nature would have been strictly in accord with the peculiar kind of diplomatic usage which now prevails at Peking, and would have appealed with singular force to General VON WALDERSEE. Once in a receptive mood as the result of two such tactful missives, the Commander would probably have permitted General CHAFFEE to address to him a third communication, couched in equally diplomatic language, asking him if, in view of the approach of the Christmas season, the Field-Marshal considered it in accordance with the best etiquette for the Christian soldiers of Western civilization to steal quite everything the "heathen Chinee" was unfortunate enough to possess, from a cloisonné jar to the tomb of his ancestors.

Instead of approving General CHAFFEE's course, the Administration should reprimand him lightly, and request him hereafter when he has anything to say to cultivate that admirable self-restraint which the delicacy of the situation in China seems to demand and say something else. General CHAFFEE should have been more careful. He should have remembered the training of General VON WALDERSEE in the sacred precincts of Potsdam. Bearing in mind the fact that VON WALDERSEE's Kaiser says many things he does not mean, particularly in relation to the business they have in hand in China, he should never have ventured to express in plain terms and in all candor the thought he had in mind, however urgent the necessity or obvious the truth of his statements.

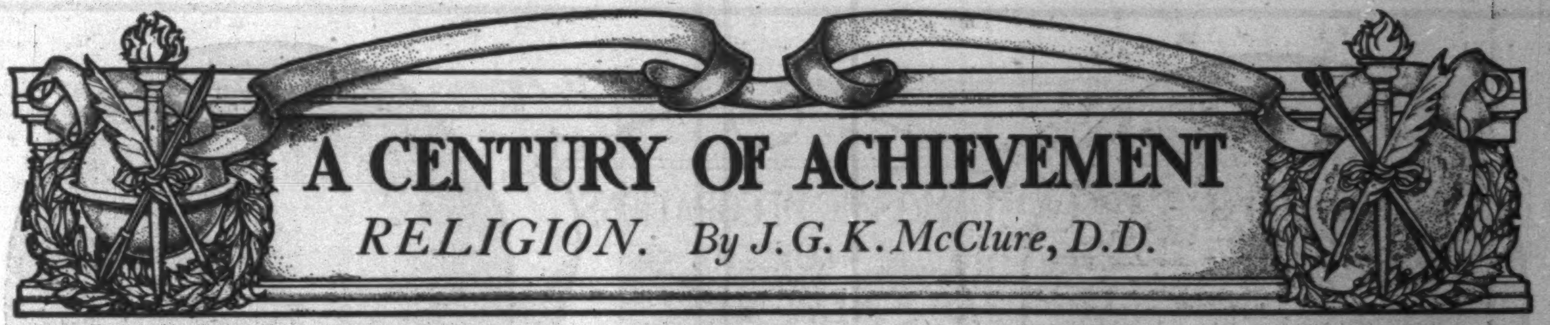
Meanwhile at West Point there should be immediately instituted a chair in Circumlocution. The day when bluntness was a factor in the making of a great general seems to have gone out with the death of GRANT.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

BY a vote of large proportions the United States Senate has passed the DAVIS amendment to the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty, and the first step toward the Americanization of the Nicaragua Canal has been taken. It is only the first step, however, and as we write signs are not wanting that for some time to come further changes as little to the liking of Secretary HAY and his collaborateur Ambassador PAUNCEFOTE as those provided by the DAVIS amendment will be presented for the consideration of the distinguished body whose consent must be gained before the treaty can be finally accepted. As foreshadowed by well-informed correspondents the adoption of the various amendments which appear to have a fair chance of going through will make the treaty a curious sort of hodgepodge which the British are not likely to take to kindly, if indeed they will accept it at all, and the prospect of the convention being a coherent and wholly satisfactory solution of the differences that have arisen is slight. It would seem to be the part of wisdom if in any of its provisions the treaty is not acceptable to the Senate for the Senate to reject the instrument altogether, stating definitely and without undue heat in debate the precise reasons for so doing. Once informed as to the wishes of the country as represented by the expressed will of the Senate, the State Department may then start in afresh upon the making of a new treaty with some hope of success. The effect of "too many cooks" upon the making of a broth is generally understood to be bad, and there is little reason for believing that in the preparation of a treaty of such importance and in which so many delicate points are involved much good can come from the introduction into the process of ninety assistants to the State Department over whom the department exercises no control. A prolonged Senatorial debate upon the subject publicly conducted can do little to relieve the situation, and in view of the habitual ill temper of some of our Solons who are not so well understood abroad as they are here, may do much to complicate it. Why not, then, withdraw the whole instrument, ascertain what kind of a substitute will be acceptable, and start in all over again with a reasonable prospect of success?

Merry Christmas to a Famous Trio

CHRISTMAS greetings are hereby extended to Messrs. Oom PAUL KRUGER, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, and Señor AGUINALDO—three of the most strenuous fighters in the face of overwhelming odds that we know of. It is hardly to be expected that Christmas will find them in a wholly contented frame of mind or that even for the day they will be able to forget their disappointments and substitute rejoicements for their regrets. Nevertheless, each in his own field has much upon which he may take a tremendous amount of satisfaction and much pride, which should be a consolation in the hour of trial, and we are sure that no man lives who does not hope that the coming of the season of peace and good will will bring to each a measure of happiness full enough to warm the cockles of his heart. Mr. KRUGER's recent experience in Europe must convince him that the best thing for him to seek is the foot-path to peace; Colonel BRYAN, in the dignified retirement which he appears to have accepted so very creditably, has doubtless already realized the fact, in so far as the fact concerns himself and his immediate fortunes; and if Señor AGUINALDO will only turn his eyes from the red glare of war of his own making to the effulgent light of liberty which the authorized rulers of his native land offer him in its stead, who can doubt that he too will be able to eat his Christmas dinner with that serene sense of happiness which comes only to him who is at peace with all mankind?



A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

RELIGION. By J. G. K. McClure, D.D.

THE purpose of Christianity is achievement. For Christianity to cease to achieve would be to become moribund. The symbol of its movement is not the ocean, with an inflowing and an outflowing tide, which makes no progress, but is a spiral, which, though it often seems to be turning backward, is ever mounting higher.

Either in its manifest influence or in its latent resources Christianity has come to the close of every century at an advance. Even if like some Niagara it has at times passed into a whirlpool period when immediate progress was not perceptible, like Niagara it has found its way out from its circular eddies and has resumed its onward movement. The darkest ages of Christianity have stood, as coal beneath the surface of the ground has stood, for an accumulation and preservation of light, that afterward gave brightness. The pick cuts into the coal as though it would destroy it, and each new advance of Christianity tosses aside some preceding Christian institutions, but none the less those institutions answered in their day a worthy mission and made ready for the future.

In the year 1800 the face which Christianity wore toward the world was a half-averted face. There had been earnest religious thought in every Christian country, and men like Count Zinzendorf had lifted their eye from their vicinage and surveyed the condition of distant races. But so busy had the late centuries been with doctrinal discussions, with schemes of colonization, with internal national disorders, and with the protection of individual liberty that the eyes of most Christian people were fixed upon their own immediate needs. Robert Raikes was coming to the front with the beginning of the Sunday-school movement, agitation was being started for the overthrow of slavery, Ragged Schools would soon be on their way, and conferences to consider "mankind" were sure to be held. But apart from the Roman Catholic brotherhoods there were only seven foreign-mission societies in existence, with some 70,000 converts and $125,000 income.

The state of mind that largely prevailed in Christian lands as the nineteenth century opened was a result of the French Revolution. That movement, now seen to be an emancipator and quickener of human thought, had temporarily benumbed much religious zeal both in Europe and America. Outspoken infidelity was widespread. Aggressiveness in Christian activity was hesitating. A spirit cynical of religious earnestness pervaded much of the political and social life of the day. The last word applicable to Christianity, according to the leading minds of society, was the "science" of religion.

But what does the observer of religion to-day find? First, there are what may be called laboratory returns. *Geographically*, ever since Carey in 1793 started from England to India, Christianity has believed itself to be under world-wide marching orders. Through its scouts it has entered hitherto impenetrable districts, until continents, islands, fastnesses, have heard its living, loving message. Advance into previously unoccupied territory which even fifty years ago was hailed with surprise, has become a matter of course. Dr. George Smith said that "five great regions of the world are as yet unreached by the missionary—Tibet and High Asia, Arabia, the Soudan, Amazonia, and Russia in Asia." But within a tenmonth, merely as one amongst the daily mass of general telegraphic messages, was this: "The first through train reached Khartoum to-day."

That word, so romantic and momentous, received hardly a passing public notice. The Soudan open, every other land is expected to be open. The face of Christianity, no longer averted, is now eagerly directed toward the whole world.

Politically, Christianity has woven its ideas into the web of national life with an ever-wider woof. The test of national integrity, in rulers and in people alike, is conformity to Christian principles. The criticisms passed by John Stuart Mill on the state are criticisms suggested to him by the essential teachings of Christianity. The "civic conscience" of Christendom has become a factor to be primarily reckoned with by all legislators: the inspirer of that conscience is Christianity. The nations thus influenced are becoming the world-rulers. They practically divide the earth between them, either in the form of colonies, suzerainties, or "spheres of influence." The population of those countries whose accepted ideals and standards of moral conduct are Christian is placed at almost 500,000,000. These govern, or help to shape, the political action of almost 900,000,000 of the world's inhabitants. Nor have these Christian people reached the limit of their expansion. They and their ideas are moving rapidly over new areas. One and all they are imperfect expressions of Christianity, often they are disgraceful expressions of Christianity, but the type of Christianity that tends increasingly to reach the world's front is the English-speaking type, a type that has a tremendous volume of wise earnestness animating it, correcting it, developing it. The English language, crystallized largely by its Bible, is extending so rapidly that Continental scholars prophesy its ultimate prevalence throughout the world. That language carries the flavor of Christian sentiments into the political life of every nation it affects.

The achievements wrought by Christianity in the *social* conditions of the world are luminous. Mackay, twenty years ago, wrote from Uganda describing the terrible cruelties of a people as yet unreached by Christian ideas. So might every other Christian missionary have written when in 1825 or later he first entered heathen lands. But to-day the results wrought by Christianity in ameliorating or destroying vicious social customs roll up such returns as pronounce Christianity a blessing to the home and to the individual from Natal to Point Barrow. The number of its adherents does not necessarily indicate the condition of a cause. But when one feature of a cause is its 150 societies in the heathen world, whose missionaries count 6000, and whose native preachers, teachers, and helpers are 68,500, and whose converts are over 4,000,000, the capabilities and aggressive nature of the cause become apparent. This one arm of the service has put the Bible, in part or as a whole, into over 350 languages, which nine-tenths of the human race can read, has established schools, colleges, printing-presses, hospitals, asylums, churches, has sought out the famished, the leprous, the outcast, has aimed to exemplify honesty, industry, purity, self-control, and self-dignity—and has seen its ideas assume larger and larger displacing and recreative power. While this impact upon the foreign world has been progressing, Christianity has strengthened and increased her resources in all home lands. Her spirit it is, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged, that pervades the chief glories of modern civilization, its safety, its integrity, and its helpfulness.

Besides laboratory returns there are other returns, not so tangible perhaps, but none the less existent and significant. Christianity has achieved new faith in itself. The study of comparative religions has given to Christianity an established conviction of its own pre-eminence. It believes that it is the final and complete religion. It has learned to appreciate its own uniqueness through discriminating investigation into other religions. It has found God witnessing to Himself in every great religious teacher and in every great religious system, and it has learned to acknowledge that witness. But it has also learned that the kind and degree of witness to Himself given in Christianity separates Christianity from every other religion. It sees that there are sparkling gems of thought everywhere, but only life-giving seeds of thought in itself. The power inherent in Christianity to change and beautify life assigns it a place entirely its own. "The essential weakness of most if not all other religions is that they confine themselves to pointing out what the facts ought to be, and make no provision whatever for dealing with facts as they are." But Christianity meets men in their actual conditions, teaching them all they need to learn, and then empowering them for what they have to do.

Christianity has won a new assurance of its adaptation to all mankind. No want has yet been discovered to which Christianity does not address itself. The Turkish proverb that Islam can flourish only where the palm-tree grows has no application to any essential feature of Christianity. Religion for the first time in history has gained universality in Christianity. The heart of man has everywhere been found accessible to Christianity, and the suitableness of Christianity for man has everywhere been proved.

A new understanding of Christ has been obtained. "The Life of Christ" has been studied and written with the most critical scholarship. The beauty of His character, the wisdom of His words, the suggestiveness of His deeds, the lessons of His life, have been set forth with a new power. The schools of thought which cast doubt on the worthiness of Christ and seemed destructive of His influence have stimulated investigation into all the facts of His history, with the result that Christ never held so absolutely transcendent a place in the minds of intelligent men as to-day. He and His words are believed to be the solution of all the problems of human life and society. "There is nothing more wonderful in the history of the human race than the way in which the character of the Christian Founder has traversed the lapse of ages, acquiring new strength and beauty with each advance of civilization." A greater Christ has revealed a greater God, and Christianity never declared so adorable a God as to-day.

A new understanding of the Scriptures has been secured. Their place is more fixed and their mission more practicable than ever. Criticism has been very incisive and has cut away many theories concerning the nature of inspiration that had nothing to do with the validity and usefulness of the Scriptures, but the pre-eminence of the Scriptures both remains and triumphs. It has been a century of hard fighting concerning the authenticity, content, and purpose of Scripture. The battle has raged about the New Testament and the Old Testament—each in turn. As the century closes, the Bible has ceased to be an end and has become a means; it is not regarded idolatrously, but it is regarded reverently; its ministry to lead men from sin to righteousness is understood, and its sufficiency and suitableness so to do are realized.

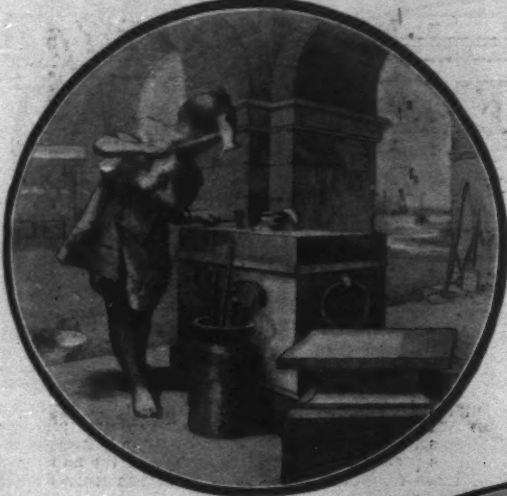
High among the triumphs of Christianity is its achievement of the scientific spirit. Jowett wrote: "Religion is another word for science in its highest and broadest definition, and it must be of such a nature that no man's mind can brush aside its demands: that every one can see that it is reasonable, that it is imperative, and that without it we cannot reach the highest spiritual elevation of which the soul is capable." The Japanese scholar who after studying in America returned as a professor to Japan and applied scientific methods to the history of ancestral religions produced dismay in the minds of the adherents of those religions. But Christianity has learned that the deeper the investigation and the more exact the historical study into Christianity, the better for Christianity's life and usefulness. Christianity comes to the close of the century acknowledging the past mistake of alleging a conflict between truth in nature and truth in Scripture, but claiming now that religion is a science as pure and as true as any other science. Christianity rejoices that spiritual forces and phenomena have won their due consideration as forces and phenomena, and that the intellectual world views them with respect.

It has been a great century for Christianity. Woman's place among the redemptive forces of humanity has been secured. Organized for temperance, hospital, social, educational, and missionary enterprises woman commands attention. The place of youth in Christianity is distinctively more effective now than ever. The young, indoctrinated in the principles of Christ, are banded into societies, brigades, guilds, that seek to convert and remedy every ill of human life. Convinced that to-morrow lives in youth they seek an unending succession of membership, and they hold aloft inspiring hopes of future accomplishment. The Young Men's Christian Association in its varied features, both within towns and colleges, has grown to be an agency for good whose potency is as wide as the world. The institutional church and the social settlement are new developments aiming to ameliorate all bad conditions of society, so that the environment shall be safe as well as the heart pure. New ideas of kindness between man and man have been recognized. The sober and honest sentiment of Christendom revolts from the ravages of the battle-field, and eagerly desires that grievances be patiently examined and questions of right and wrong obtain unprejudiced consideration. The theory of universal peace has laid hold of multitudes who recall that a century ago the extinction of slavery seemed an insolvable problem. The same spirit that removed slavery now grapples with all acknowledged social evils, and will not rest until they too are overthrown.

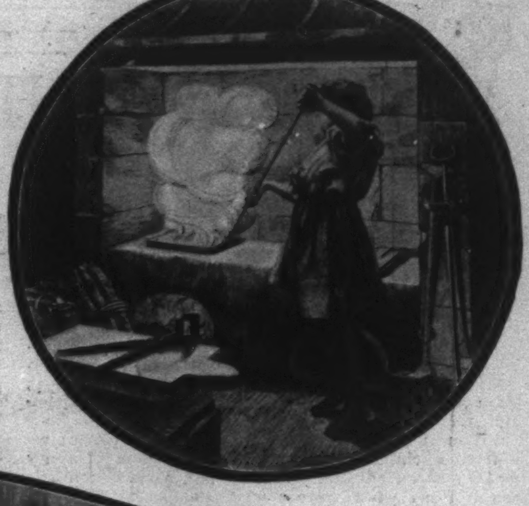
Among Christianity's best trophies is its own spirit of dissatisfaction with present success. Never did organized Christianity so recognize the incompleteness of its work as to-day. Never have the sins and needs of the world been so patent. Christianity has leavened the best races in history thus far. Now can it leaven them thoroughly? Can it evangelize its own cities, going down into cellars, up into garrets? Can it make itself triumphant in palace and hovel alike? These are great questions. No one realizes their greatness better than the truest exponents of Christianity. But Christianity stands squarely committed to the task. It affirms that as yet its demands, its inspirations, its reconstructive force have never been given opportunity, that its resources have not been understood or even imagined. It claims to be only on the threshold of its accomplishments. Its glory of deed and success is still to come.

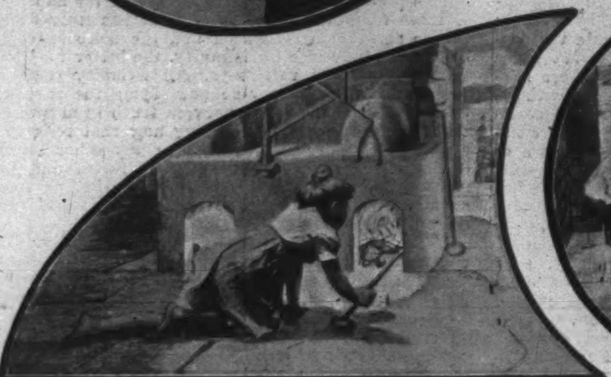
But it signals us these facts, that the currents of its life are strong and full, that it was never so serious in its thoughtfulness and so great in its confidence as now, that controversy is often a sign of earnestness, not of indifference, that men more and more are agreed that God's laws are everywhere, in nature, in history, in consciousness, in Scripture, and that God is one—and more and more the acknowledged claims of the brotherhood of the human race lead up to the recognition of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. The essentials of Christianity, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, are coming to the front. Denominational acerbities are giving place to church federations. Religion is in the blood, in the language, in the customs, in the atmosphere of an ever-enlarging host. Education is built upon it. Literature lasts as it expresses its spirit. Government has foundations as it rests on it. The Christ walks more perceptibly among the haunts of men and is oftener in the market-place, in the court-room, and at the fireside.

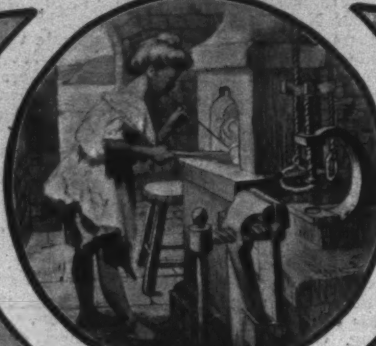
The crowning achievement of a religion is the character it makes. As the century closes and the Christian men and women whom it has produced pass before us, they are the glory and the crown of our humanity. They have had place in all ranks of society, they have lived in many lands, they have done a various service, they have borne a marked individuality, but they have all been inspired by One Life. Legislators have been among them, poets too, and emancipators; scholars, artists, merchants; workers of every kind and class—hosts upon hosts of beautiful, upright, helpful souls. Some of them died in quietness—and some of them were martyrs who died in torture. These, one and all, are Christianity's achievement—an evidence of what Christianity has done, a prophecy of what Christianity will do.

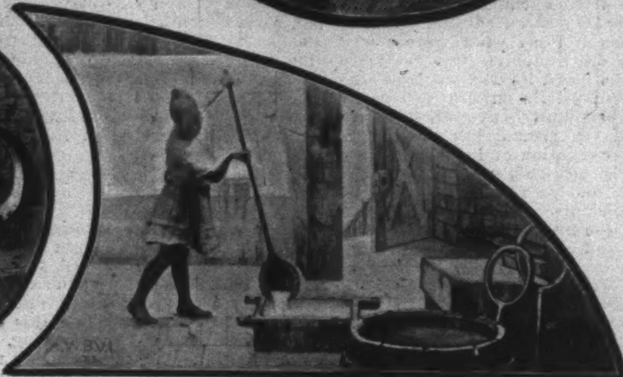


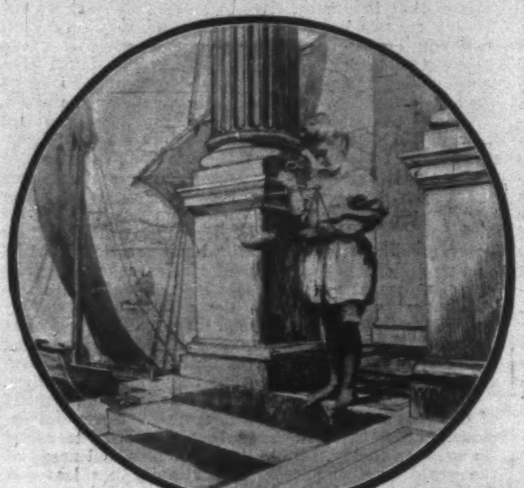
MOSAIC DECORATIONS FOR THE NEW MINT PHILADELPHIA

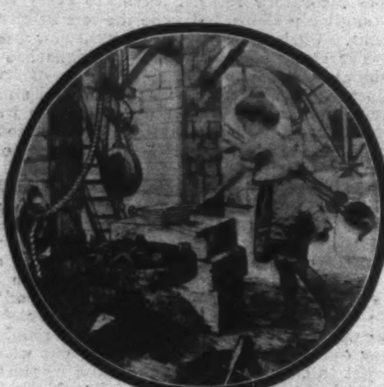


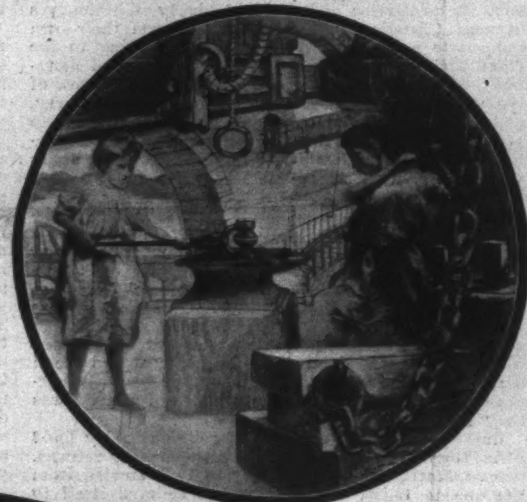


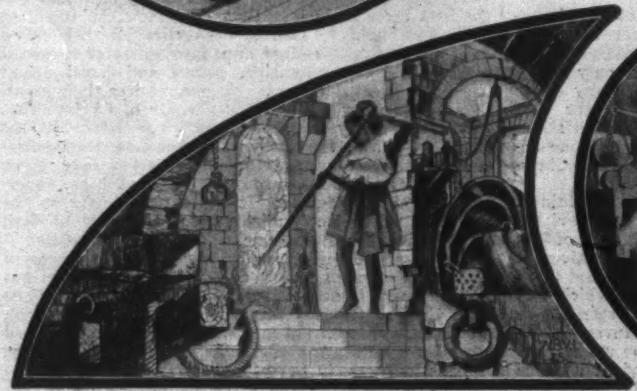


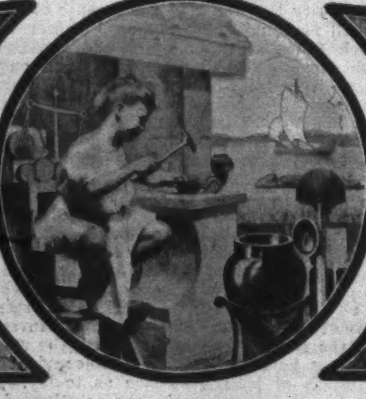


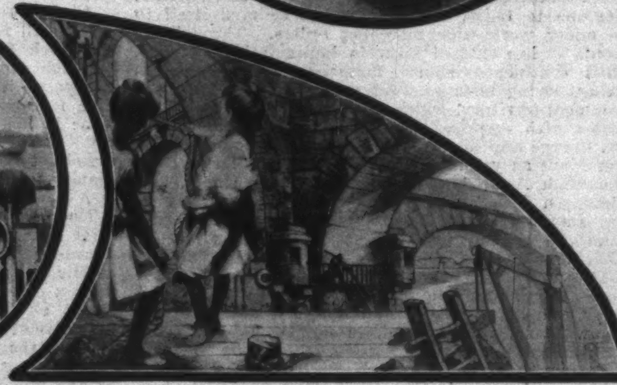








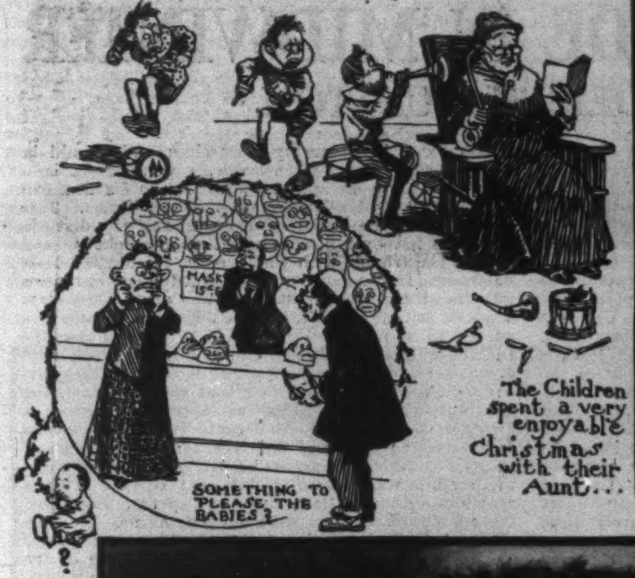




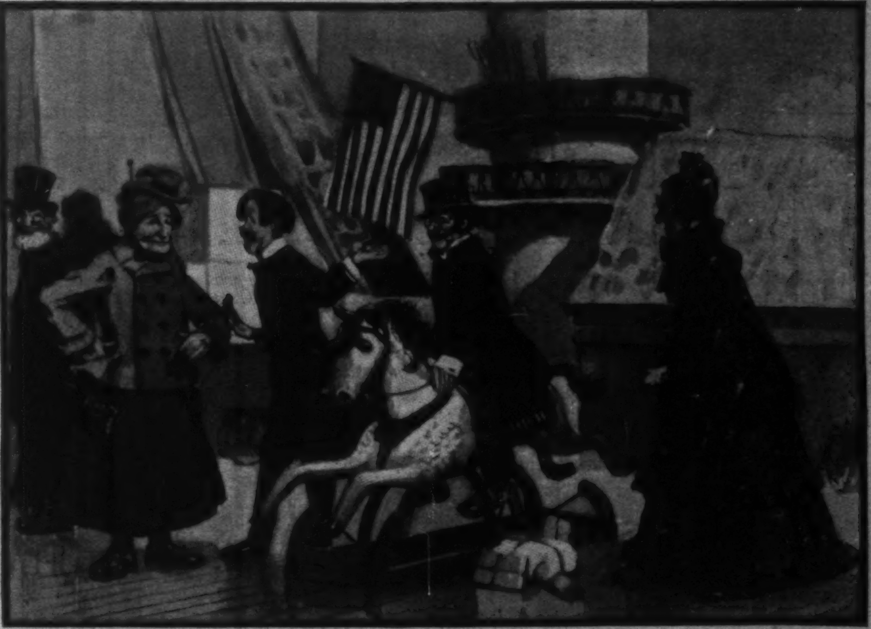
A HANDSOME feature of the new Mint which the United States Supervising Architect has erected at Philadelphia will be the decoration of the entrance. This consists of a central vestibule, flanked by halls; all three being panelled in marble and ceiled with a series of vaultings. The latter are supported upon pendentives which leave a number of intermediate wall-spaces above the wainscot, either semicircular in shape or elongated into tympana. The whole scheme is being decorated with mosaics; the vaulting in conventional ornament, the spaces with figure subjects framed in borders. The contract after competition was awarded to the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, for a series of designs made by Mr. W. B. Van Ingen, to whom have been intrusted the supervision and control of the work.

It is always interesting to be able to trace the genesis of an idea and to mark its growth into something individually different from the original. In this case the suggestion was supplied by those frescoes discovered in Pompeii, in which manikins are engaged in coining money; subjects quite grotesque in treatment. But they gave the hint of using a child's form instead of an adult's, both as being more adapted in scale to the size of the spaces and as helping to preserve a sprightliness of motive. Further researches in an old French work on die-casting supplied other suggestive material, so that the main details of these panels are founded upon fact and represent old implements and processes. At the same time objects are introduced which have a symbolic reference to the present. In the development of the idea Mr. Van Ingen associated with himself Mr. Tabor Sears, and the co-operation has been most successful. The panels are interesting in matter, of that kind which attracts apart from artistic considerations; moreover, they are extremely decorative in composition; handsome in their distribution of full and empty spaces, having, also, much additional charm of detail; and are executed in large, effective masses of rich color. They represent a very charming combination of serious purpose and *naïveté* of treatment.

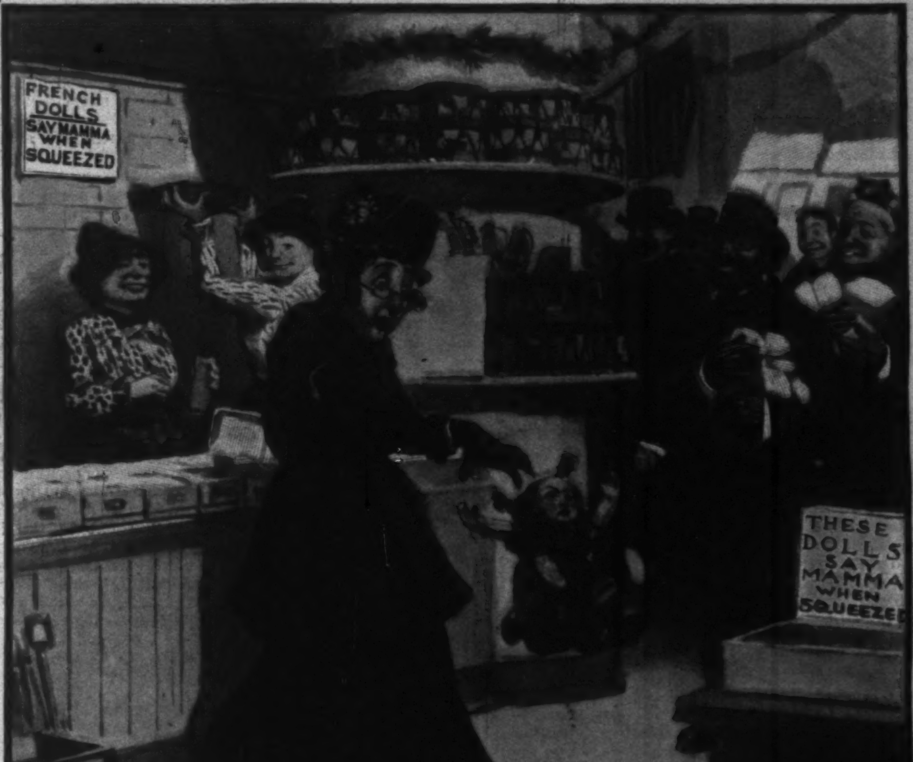
"SAWDUST"
And other Christmas stuff...


MASKS 15c
SOMETHING TO PLEASE THE BABIES?
?

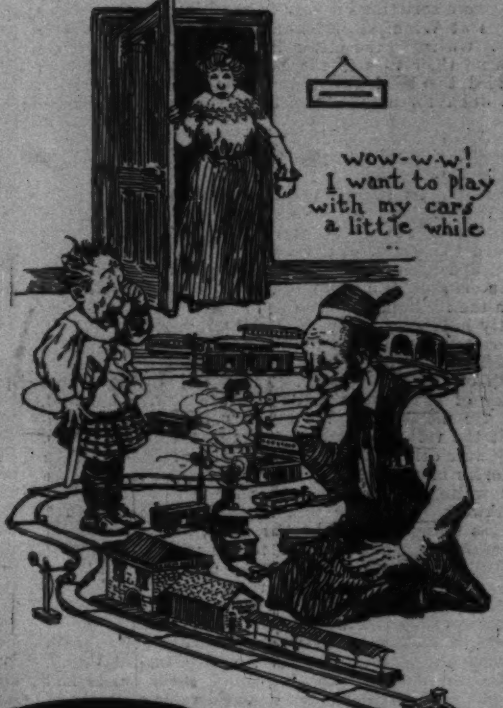
The Children spent a very enjoyable Christmas with their Aunt...

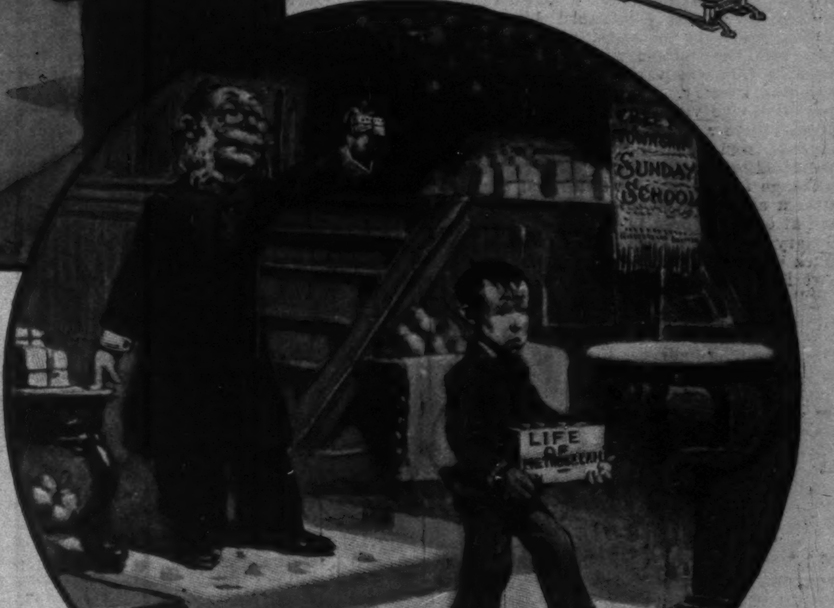


Clerk: "Now, You see Madam,—strong enough to support a MAN!"

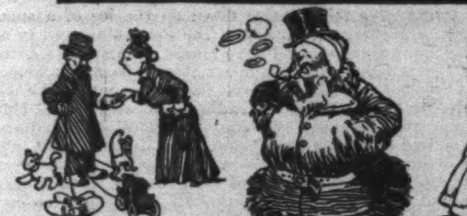

FRENCH DOLLS SAY MAMMA WHEN SQUEEZED
THESE DOLLS SAY MAMMA WHEN SQUEEZED

Miss Spinster didn't see the sign

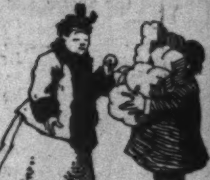

wow-w-w! I want to play with my cars a little while


SUNDAY SCHOOL
LIFE OF

Little Joe's reward for ten weeks active Interest in the Sunday School.

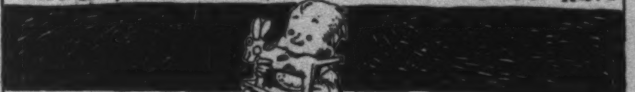


SANTA (in disguise) "I wonder where that fellow gets *those* toys?"



"Hold my Gloves a moment, Henry."

what peculiar Tastes some folks have



ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE IN MIDWINTER

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

THE beginning of the winter of 1893 and 1894 found me in camp with a band of the wandering Tinneh or Loucheux Indians on the site of the abandoned Hudson Bay Company trading-post of Rampart House, on the Porcupine River in northeastern Alaska. I had left Dyea Inlet on the south coast five months before, and after a 1200-mile journey *viâ* Chilkoot Pass, Forty Mile Creek, and the Porcupine River, had reached a point well inside the arctic circle, where I expected to make my headquarters during the nine-months winter. The river had begun freezing by the middle of September, and before the close of the month the scantily timbered hill-sides and the treeless plateaus that stretched back from the river-bank were buried in snow. As the season advanced, the nights grew longer and the days shorter, while the sun, sinking lower and lower on the southern horizon, disappeared for the last time in the middle of November.

Rampart House was for some years the most northwesterly fur-trading post maintained by the Hudson Bay Company, the goods for barter being brought on dog-sleds from the Mackenzie River, more than 200 miles to the eastward. The furs sent out the same way were sometimes a year in reaching the Company's stores at Winnipeg, thousands of miles to the southeast. Owing to the increasing tendency of the natives to send their furs to the Yukon traders, it had been decided to abandon Rampart House, and the trader, Mr. John Firth, was transferred to Peel River post, near the Mackenzie, where I afterward met him. On abandoning the post Mr. Firth had left behind him a fairly comfortable log cabin, constructed from the small spruce-trees that grow along the Porcupine River, and on my arrival I had taken possession of this house. The Porcupine River rises between the Yukon and the upper Mackenzie, and flowing first toward the north, finally bends around to the southwest, and after a circuitous course of more than 400 miles empties into the Yukon. It is somewhat larger than the Hudson, and the total area of its valley, lying partly in Alaska and partly in the British possessions, is greater than that of all the New England States combined. All of the river except its head-waters lies north of the arctic circle. The natives living in the valley of the Porcupine do not exceed five hundred, and are members of the great Tinneh race who inhabit the valleys of the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers. They were called the Loucheux by the French-Canadian explorers of the Hudson Bay Company, who were the first white men to penetrate these wilds of the far Northwest. They are well-disposed people, although savages living entirely by the chase, and are morally and mentally much superior to the plains Indians of the United States. They have no permanent villages, but are nomads, constantly roaming about like the Tartars of Asia, following the movements of the herds of barren-ground caribou, whose flesh is their principal article of diet, and whose skins furnish them with clothing and material for their beehive-shaped lodges. A member of one of the Porcupine River bands had brought up from the Yukon a considerable quantity of trading-goods and established himself at Rampart House, where he remained all winter, bartering for furs with the Indians who would from time to time come in from the various hunting-camps in the surrounding country. Although only a few families remained in the vicinity of Rampart House during the winter, there was scarcely a week when there were not arrivals from some of the hunting bands. These people would bring in a sled full of furs, which they would exchange for ammunition, tea, and tobacco, returning after a stay of a couple of days. This young trader had at one time been in the employ of an English missionary who had visited the country, and had also been much with Mr. Firth before the abandonment of Rampart House, and so had acquired a fair knowledge of English. He had adopted the English name David, given him by the missionary in lieu of his unpronounceable native one, and was an altogether bright and progressive young Indian. Early in November this man determined to make a trip to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Peel River, across the mountains, for the purpose of bartering some of the furs that he had acquired for goods that he had not been able to get from the Yukon traders. The distance was more than 200 miles in an almost due easterly direction, and the route for the first hundred miles lay up the Porcupine River and thence across the most northerly spur of the Rockies, to the valley of the Mackenzie.

The prospect of sitting about all winter trying to keep warm, with no amusement but an occasional caribou-hunt, had begun to pall on me, and I had no difficulty in making arrangements to accompany the party. There were besides David and myself three men from one of the Porcupine River bands, Chiteinda, Tahkokwat, and Kwandi, and after several false starts we finally got off on the morning of the 17th of November. There were four sleds, two laden with furs for barter, one with meat and tallow for ourselves and the dogs, and the fourth with the sleeping robes and cooking utensils.

The Esquimau sleds that I afterwards saw on the coast of the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea were quite large affairs, with runners, and were dragged by any number of dogs, sometimes as many as twenty. Sleds of this type are perfectly practicable along the level sea-beaches and where there is no brush, and where the snow is shallow and hard packed, but would be worse than useless in the interior, where the conditions are radically different. The Indian sled is merely a birchwood toboggan, eight feet long and twenty inches wide, and is drawn by four dogs hitched tandem. The load, usually between two and three hundred pounds, is securely lashed down in order that it may withstand the numerous upsets that frequently occur. Unless a path has already been broken by some preceding party, it is always necessary for one man to walk ahead of the leading team to make a track through the snow, as the dogs are not guided with the whip, as is done among the Esquimaux. In addition to the man walking ahead for the purpose of making a track, there is always one to look after each sled, his duties being to keep the dogs pulling steadily, untangle them when they become mixed up in their harness, and right the sled whenever it is turned over. While the Esquimau almost invariably rides on his sled, the Indian rarely does, tramping along on snow-shoes instead, the sled being utilized to carry provisions, camp outfit, and whatever goods they may be transporting.

As we filed down the bluff onto the snow-covered ice of the river in the half-twilight of a bitterly cold November morning, we were quite an imposing cavalcade, five men, four sleds, and sixteen dogs, and started at a brisk pace on our snow-shoe journey of more than four hundred miles. The sky was clear and there was scarcely a breath of wind, while the mercury was at forty degrees below zero. All of our party were clothed in the native fur costume, caribou-skin coat or "parkie" with hood attachment and trousers of the same material, moose-skin moccasins on the feet, and the hands encased in heavy fur-lined moose-skin mittens. All wore snow-shoes of the Canadian type. Kwandi took the lead, and the head team followed in his track, while each of the other four of us took charge of one of the sleds and carried a whip, which there was not much occasion to use for the first three or four days. For the first day we kept to the river-bed, and at five o'clock, which at this season in a northern latitude is long after dark, went into camp among some stunted spruce-trees on the south bank. The method of establishing a night camp among these northern Indians is worthy of detailed description. The first thing is to unharness the dogs and turn them loose; the snow-shoes are then utilized to clear as much of the snow as possible from a space large enough to enable all five of us to lie down together, and several caribou-skins are spread on the ground. If there was a wind the sleds were arranged in order to give as much protection as possible. Any small dead spruce-trees that could be found were cut down and a roaring fire built just at the foot of our impromptu bed. The big, shaggy dogs gathered about the cheerful blaze and watched the cooking operations with their appreciative eyes, occasionally varying the programme by getting into a free-for-all fight among themselves, which necessitated clubbing the more aggressive ones into submission. Our fare was simple. On one of the sleds were about 200 pounds of dried caribou-meat and several large cakes of deer tallow and ten pounds of tea. Dried meat is by no means so appetizing as the fresh article, but it would have been impossible to carry on one sled a sufficient quantity of fresh meat for our party. While we expected to kill some game *en route*, it would be rash to depend entirely on so uncertain a contingency. One whose palate has always been accustomed to the fare of civilization is apt to shudder at the thought of eating tallow, but a short period of out-door life in the arctic regions will serve to hastily bring him to his senses on that score. We had tallow as a part of every meal. It was sometimes eaten cold, but oftener melted and poured over the dried meat after the latter had been boiled. Tea is the universal beverage of the arctic traveller, if he can get it. Neither spirituous liquors, coffee, nor chocolate can in any way be compared with it as a means of keeping up the strength during the fearfully trying work of snow-shoeing day after day in arctic weather. Both white men and natives in the northern British possessions and Alaska use it in large quantities, and the former will rarely attempt a winter journey without it. It is made very strong and drunk in large quantities. At all of our camps in this journey water for boiling dry meat and making tea was obtained by melting snow in an iron kettle. Before retiring for the night the dogs were fed, an operation that required all of the party armed with clubs and whips to protect the weaker dogs from their savage fellows. At our first camp, while we were going through this exciting operation, several of the big brutes pulled one of the Indians down into the snow, and the entire pack fought all over him for a couple of minutes before he could extricate himself.

After supper we rolled up in our fur robes and lay down to sleep, I in the middle and two Indians on either side of me. It requires no little practice to enable one to arrange the robes about his face so that he can breathe with comfort and still not admit sufficient air to freeze his nose and cheeks.

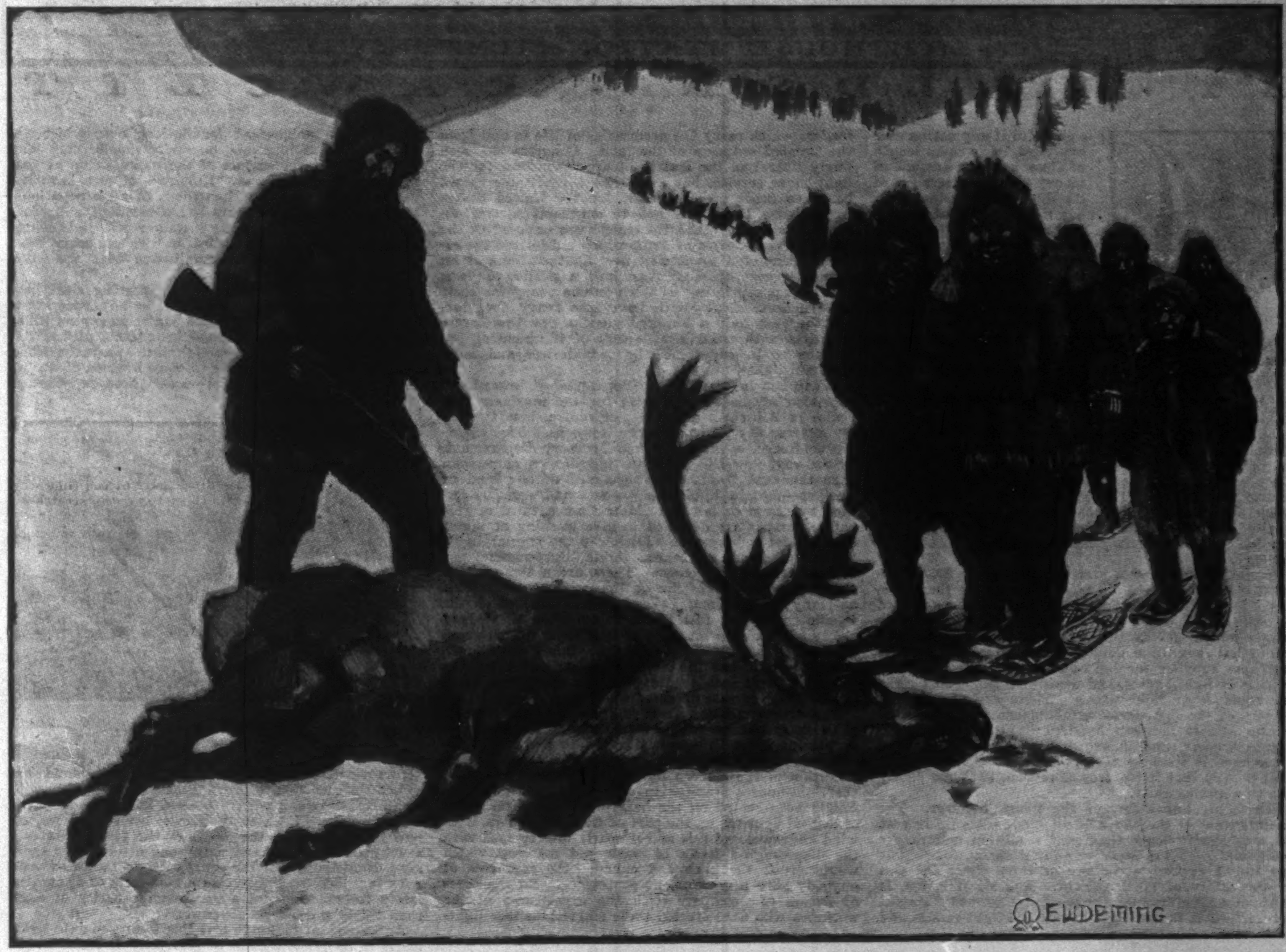
We would no sooner be settled down in bed than the dogs, naturally preferring our robes to the snow, would lie down about our feet and sometimes on top of us. The only drawback to this arrangement was their mania for fighting among themselves. We would be sleeping comfortably when suddenly there would be a yelp as one dog bit another, and then half a dozen of them would fight all over our prostrate forms. This always made the Indians furious, and if the disturbance was not over in a few seconds they got up and quelled the trouble with whatever they could lay their hands on. In the morning we tumbled out of our robes into the stinging air, built a fire, and after a breakfast of meat, tallow, and tea, put the dogs into harness and pushed on into the darkness. Had it not been that the Indians were so thoroughly familiar with the country, it would have been impossible for us to make the journey, as two-thirds of the time that we were travelling one could not see an object as large as a man at a distance of 200 yards. Our route lay on the second day mostly on the ice of the river, though a number of short-cuts were made across bends. The country along the stream was generally flat, and covered with a jungle of stunted willow, birch, and spruce. Some distance north of the river were low mountains. Through hours that seemed endless we trudged on through the gloom, the silence broken only by the creaking of the sleds and the voices of the Indians scolding their dogs. Each day we stopped an hour at noon to prepare our mid-day meal, and one day I saw a band of seven caribou crossing the river on the ice a short distance above where we had stopped; but the Indians, with characteristic stupidity, instead of attempting to stalk them, which could have been done easily, opened fire from our position and frightened the animals, which had not yet suspected our presence. Darkness was upon us again by two o'clock, and the wind had risen. I was unused to snow-shoeing, and as the Indians struck a lively gait, was soon left far behind. At nearly seven o'clock, after I had begun to wonder whether the Indians would ever stop, I heard a short distance ahead the barking of dogs and the voices of children, and found that our party had come up with a hunting band of Loucheux, and had gone into camp with them.

We left our hosts at seven o'clock the next morning and kept on our way eastward. A part of the time we were on the river-bed, and part in the great stretches of willow and scrub birch that covered the lowlands along its banks. The violent exercise of snow-shoeing twenty miles a day and sleeping in the open air had begun to tell on me badly. My muscles and joints became swollen, and I suffered at times the most excruciating pain. It was impossible to keep up with the pace set by the Indians, and I got in the habit of dropping far behind and getting into camp after the fire had been built. As long as we were in the willow brush where the snow was soft I had no difficulty in following the track of the sleds, but often for long stretches on the river or over frozen lakes the surface of the snow would be so hard crusted that the slight marks made by the sleds could not be seen in the darkness, and I often lost the track and wasted a great deal of time in groping about trying to find it again. Whenever the Indians reached the summit of a ridge or were on the surface of a lake where there was unobstructed view, one of them would occasionally stop and strike a match, which would flare up for a few seconds and serve to guide me. There were always three or four hours of twilight at mid-day, but usually a sled could not be seen more than 200 yards. We kept pushing ahead, however, and three days later reached the point at which the trail leaves the Porcupine River, and made our fifth night camp in a ravine.

The next morning the wind had died out, and at six o'clock we poked our heads from under the robes into air that stung like the cut of a whip-lash, for it was fifty degrees below zero.

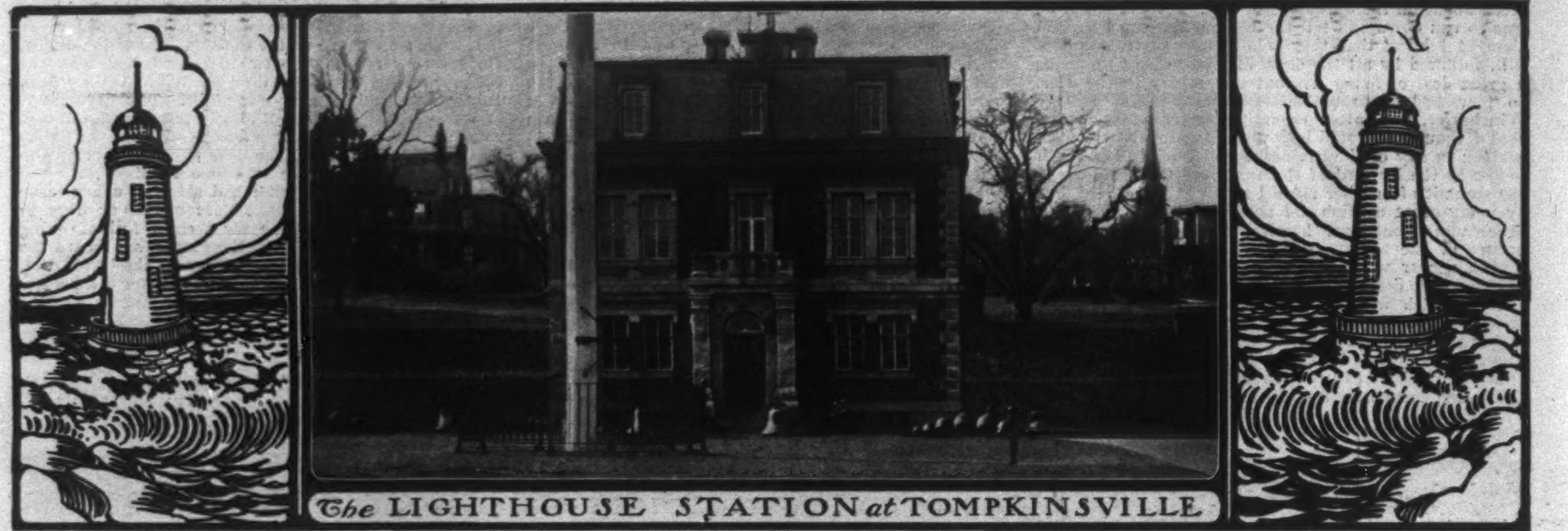
All of that day for twelve long hours we pushed up hill and down hill, across frozen marshes and through miles of willow, and after a most trying day's journey of twenty-five miles, came down on the ice of a small river, a northern tributary of the Porcupine, and in an hour more were at Le Pierre House, on its north bank. Le Pierre House, like Rampart House, is an abandoned trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company. The old building once used as a trading-post was at the time of our visit occupied by a couple of families of Indians. They had a considerable quantity of caribou meat, and we determined to remain over one day to give ourselves and the dogs a much-needed rest. In six days we had covered about 125 miles—not half bad when one considers that we had to break our own track, being the first party over the trail that season. The day spent at Le Pierre House seemed to us foot-sore travellers the height of luxury.

Early on the morning of the second day after our arrival we left Le Pierre House and took a course somewhat north of east. The country was open and rolling, and there was less brush than had been encountered formerly. As soon as it became fairly light we could see ahead of us an apparently unbroken chain of not very precipitous mountains, extending from north to south. It was the northern extremity of the Rockies, within fifty miles of where they slope down to the Arctic Ocean. Although the altitude of the highest peak was not more than 4000 feet above the level of the surrounding country, the range was a most impressive one, because nowhere from base to summit was there a bit of color to break the mantle of spotless white. While we were in camp for our mid-day meal in a little hollow, I took a walk to the summit of a ridge distant about two hundred yards in order to get a better view of the range, and to my surprise saw a band of fourteen caribou, the wild reindeer of the north, scattered about on the opposite hill-side. My first impulse was to run down and tell the Indians, but upon second thought I knew that they would come tearing up the hill, followed by all the dogs, and that there would be a great deal of firing without any injury to the deer, so I walked leisurely back to camp, picked up my Winchester, and after casually remarking to David that I thought I would look about to see if there were caribou in any of the ravines, strolled off to the south to get to the leeward of the animals. Crawling up to the summit of another ridge I again saw the herd, but by using great caution did not alarm them. The distance was about four hundred yards, and from the nature of the surface it would be impossible to approach nearer without risk of alarming the animals. The nearest deer was a big buck with tremendous antlers which was busily engaged in pawing up the snow to uncover the moss and lichens, but he was facing me and presented too small a target. Another was standing near him broadside on, but in a clump of willows, which made it a bad shot. Several were lying down, and some were distant fully five hundred yards. There was one fine-looking fellow, however, standing with his side presented and apparently lost in meditation. Of the fourteen he seemed to be the only decent target, and I set the sight at four hundred yards, rose quietly to my knee, took careful, steady aim without a rest, and fired. In the frosty air the rifle made a report like a young cannon, and the animal that I had shot at came suddenly to life and dashed off up the hill, for it was a clean miss. The bullet had whizzed uncomfortably close to the one in the willows, and he came out with a bound. The whole herd was alarmed, but the echo seemed to confuse them, and the one that had been pawing the snow wheeled about. I saw it was the last chance, took aim for a second and let drive again. He went down in his tracks, and as I stood up the remainder of the herd tore off like mad. The Indians came running up the hill, and when they saw the big buck down in the snow, all tried to embrace me at once. We cut the animal up, put a part of the meat on the sleds, gave the dogs a big feed, and moved on. That night we camped at the foot of the mountains in a little clump of willows. Except for a few willows in the ravines the country was barren and treeless. In the morning at seven we had hitched up the dogs and reloaded the sleds, and were on our way up the ravine which the Indians said led to the pass over the range. During most of the forenoon the slope was so steep that we had to assist the dogs in dragging the sleds. Fortunately the snow on the mountain-side was quite hard packed and consequently good sledding, so that the ascent was not so serious a matter as it would otherwise have been. At high noon we were on the summit of the Great Divide which separates the valley of the Yukon from that of the Mackenzie. The view was superb and beyond description. Everywhere were mountains, all spotless white, and to the east could be seen stretching like dark bands across the wastes of snow the timber growth that marked the courses of the Mackenzie and Peel rivers. Low down in the south were the rays of the sun, peering up from below the horizon and illuminating the sky as they do with us an hour after sunset, and the light could be seen shining direct on the summits of some of the higher peaks. The descent led us to the bottom of a huge gorge, which was not reached until the short daylight had faded away, and we kept on for five hours more at the swinging, clumsy trot that we always affected on a down grade. Our camp for this night was a particularly cheerless one in the snow at the foot of a high cliff. The next day, in the afternoon, having kept on down the canyon to the east, we came out on the frozen surface of Peel River, here nearly half a mile wide, and crossing to the east side, kept on down the stream in a northeasterly direction for two hours, and finally saw lights in the distance and heard the barking of dogs. Half an hour later we helped the eager animals drag the sleds up the river-bank, and found ourselves in the midst of a little group of log cabins, the most northerly trading-post on the continent of North America. This post, known throughout the Northwest as Peel River, is designated on nearly all maps by its old-time name of Fort McPherson. It is situated on the right hand or east bank of Peel River, a short distance above its junction with the Mackenzie. The Hudson Bay Company's trader, Mr. John Firth, a fine bluff Scotchman, who in twenty years has not been south of the arctic circle, having been stationed in that time not only at his present post, but for several years each at Le Pierre House and Rampart House before those posts were abandoned. Mr. Firth, surprised and delighted to have a visitor from the outside world, took me into his house and made me his guest during our stay. The four Indians who had come with me were put up in a small house belonging to Mr. Firth, and spent the four days around the big fire, drinking tea, smoking, and exchanging gossip with the other Loucheux. The two sled-loads of furs that David had brought from Rampart House were exchanged for goods, and at six o'clock on the morning of December 1 we had the sixteen dogs again in harness, said our good-byes to Mr. Firth, cracked the whips, and started on the return to Rampart House. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the snow-covered land seemed flooded with her light. There was a sharp sting in the air, for it was forty-seven degrees below zero. All that we had to do was to follow our old trail back over hills and mountains and across lakes and rivers for more than two hundred miles. Our track had already been broken on the east-bound trip, so that better time was made. On the second night out, when we camped on the eastern slope of the divide, the mercury fell to fifty-two degrees below zero, the coldest weather encountered on the trip. At Le Pierre House we remained only one night. Two days later, as we were jogging along through the gloom, a blizzard suddenly swept down from the north, and before it was possible to unhitch the dogs or go into camp the darkness was so intense that one could not see the length of a sled. The wind had attained a hurricane velocity, and it was impossible for men or dogs to stand up against it. The air seemed full of flying snow, and above the roar of the storm were heard the shrieks of the dogs, stung into fury by the bitter cold. We simply stopped where we were, and spent all night in trying to control the maddened animals and in crouching behind the sleds to break the fury of the storm. Our faces and hands, already frost-bitten, suffered terribly; but it is useless to attempt any description of that night of horrors. After ten hours the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we hastened to the nearest clump of willows and built a fire, where we remained for a couple of hours cooking and eating. The next day about noon I was for once walking ahead of the entire party, and came suddenly upon four Indian skin houses near the trail. It was a hunting party of Loucheux, about fifty in all. I announced my arrival by a yell, and was promptly attacked by a dozen dogs. I broke over the head of the first one a club I was carrying as a sort of staff, but they had me down in a trice, and were engaged in reducing my fur coat to ribbons when the Indians came streaming out of the houses. They knocked the dogs right and left; and a young woman, anxious to do her part, threw an iron kettle into the pack and bowled over her brother, a small boy who had valiantly taken one of the animals by his stump of a tail. I was taken into one of the houses, and as soon as it was found that I was none the worse for the scuffle there was an all-around laugh. One old dame would break out about every five minutes with a guffaw that showed her appreciation of the entertainment. In a short time my Indians came up, and we remained overnight with these people. On the night of the 8th of December we reached Rampart House, having made the return trip at an average rate of twenty-five miles a day—not bad snow-shoeing. It was twenty-two days since we had left Rampart House, and every one of the more than four hundred miles of the round trip had been tramped on snow-shoes.



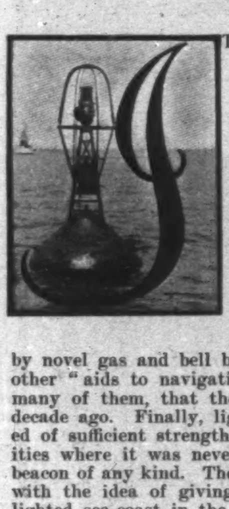
The Indians came running up the Hill to see the big Buck.

The IMPROVEMENT of the LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE



The LIGHTHOUSE STATION at TOMPKINSVILLE

BY · WALDON · FAWCETT



IT is doubtful if any nation ever expended, in an equal length of time, a larger amount of money for the betterment of its light-house system than has the United States within the past few years, and certainly with no such beneficial results in so far as its shipping interests are concerned. The work has by no means been confined to light-house construction, although many structures of radically new design have been erected. These are being supplemented, however, by novel gas and bell buoys, powerful fog-horns, and other "aids to navigation," so thoroughly ingenious, many of them, that they were undreamed of half a decade ago. Finally, light-ships have been constructed of sufficient strength to buffet the waves in localities where it was never before possible to station a beacon of any kind. The whole work has been planned with the idea of giving the United States the best-lighted sea-coast in the world, and this is a consummation which will surely be attained early in the new century.

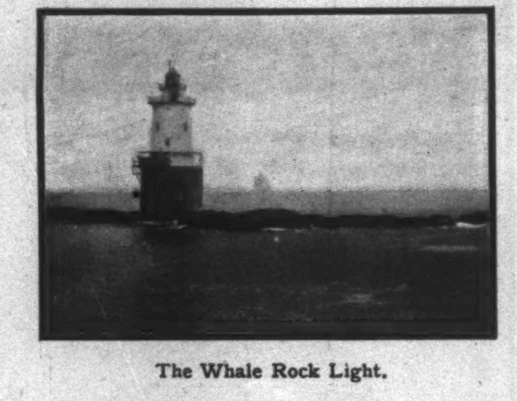
It costs Uncle Sam a pretty penny—some $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 annually, in fact—to maintain the guide-posts for the mariners along its five thousand miles of coast-line, and this item of expense is bound to grow larger and larger as time advances. Of this amount about half a million dollars is required each year to purchase supplies for light-houses, some $600,000 for repairs to light-houses, and more than $400,000 for the maintenance of light-vessels. There are now in the service of the light-house establishment of the United States almost fourteen hundred light-house and fog-signal keepers, and inasmuch as the average pay of these men is fixed by the law at $600 per annum, it will be seen that it requires more than $825,000 yearly for this service alone.

These are but a few of the items, however. The maintenance of the buoys of all kinds foots up in cost to considerably more than half a million dollars per year, and even the seemingly insignificant fog-signals eat up an appropriation two or three times the size of the salary of the President. And all this, too, is without any allowance for what are termed "special works"—that is, new light-houses and light-vessels, and tenders which carry the necessaries of life to and from the isolated outposts of the land. Congress has been fairly liberal in the matter of appropriations for the light-house service, but even then a creditable record has been made of late years, for the United States Light-House Board has had to surmount several obstacles, as, for instance, the obligations imposed by the thoughtless Congress of 1893, which authorized the establishment of a number of new light stations at an aggregate cost of more than half a million dollars, without appropriating so much as one penny for their construction. Repair bills have been heavy, too, during the past half a hundred months, for there were countless antiquated installations of illuminating apparatus to be supplanted by new devices and more powerful lights.

What has in reality been accomplished toward the provision of proper sign-posts for the mariners who cruise in American waters is, of course, best typified by figures, dry things though they be. The Light-House Board, a branch of the Treasury Department, by-the-way, now has under its jurisdiction more than nine thousand "aids to navigation" of one kind or another—that is, lights and beacons and signals operated by steam or hot air. More than a third of this entire number are designed to give warning at night, and the list embraces, in addition to the regular light-houses, all kinds of beacon lights, light-vessels, gas and electric lighted buoys. There are a thousand of these sleepless eyes of fire on the Atlantic coast; half as many on the Great Lakes; several hundred on the Pacific coast, and full fifteen hundred on the inland rivers. It requires an army of four thousand men and a fleet of fifty vessels to maintain this giant illuminating system, but the lights flash out all along the coasts at dusk each evening with as much regularity as though they were operated solely by clock-work.

The transformation from the old-fashioned towers of brick and stone to the steel tubular structures of surpassing strength securely bolted to the rocks constitutes perhaps the most wonderful feature of the evolution of the modern light-house system. Many of the light-houses situated in dangerous locations have finally been reared on the hazardous sites after years of dogged fighting, on the part of the sea-builders, with wind and wave and tide and ice-pack, interspersed with the discouraging losses of work and material which would crush the hope and exhaust the resources of anybody save a government contractor. No romances of fiction can compare with the experiences of the workmen who have erected these marvellous new light-towers upon submerged foundations over which the waves swept at intervals, on sandy shoals lying some distance below the surface of the water, or on exposed rocks in the open ocean. Hundreds of men have lost their lives in this most hazardous of all occupations; at times the work of years has been swept away in a single night, and in some instances the light-house-builders have been compelled to live on some bleak rock cut off from all communication with the world for months at a time.

Some of these triumphs of engineering skill have cost as much as $400,000, and it is by no means exceptional nowadays for the United States to expend $125,000 for a light-house. In some instances a fifth of this sum has been paid for the electrical apparatus alone. Side by side with the desire to place beacons of the sea in localities where it had previously been supposed no structure of any kind could be made to stand has grown the ambition to provide these signal-towers with lights of sufficient power to send their beams across vaster wastes of water than ever before. There are now in existence on the coasts of the United States a number of light-houses of more than one hundred thousand candle-power, or the equal of eight thousand ordinary incandescent lights, and a new form of apparatus lately tested developed a maximum capacity of more than thirty million candle-power.



The Whale Rock Light.

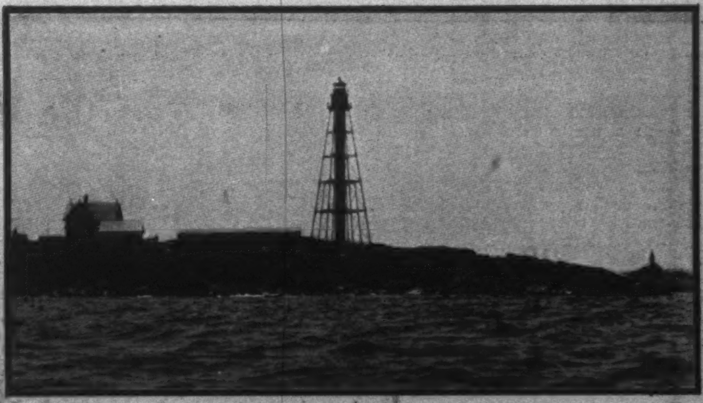
An important factor in bringing the up-to-date light-house to its present point of perfection is found in the introduction of greatly improved lens, whereby the light is concentrated and may consequently be projected a much greater distance. Supplementing this innovation in its revolutionary influence is the new method of revolving the optical apparatus of light-houses. By this plan the mariner, wherever he be situated, will see flashes of light, separated by intervals of darkness, but by this means a more powerful light is secured than would otherwise be the case, and there is none of the objection raised against giving different colors to different lights by reason of the great loss of light entailed when glass screens are interposed in front of the light.

The light-house officials have of late years undertaken another most important work in attempting to indicate to the mariner by the character of the lights his exact position on the map. Thus, whereas the old-fashioned "fixed light" has been retained and its power increased, there have also been provided hundreds of beacons which flash white, then red, and indicate to the perplexed mariner by means of the order of succession of the flashes, or their duration, his exact whereabouts. Of course, with glasses of only two hues an endless number of combinations may be devised, just as in the striking of fire-alarms, but Uncle Sam's officials have a better scheme than this even, and it is nothing less than a plan to have each sign of flame dot out its message to the mariners by means of beams of light, just as a telegraph instrument clicks out words.

Every seaman, even those who are color-blind, can presumably count up to ten, and with our great sea-board lamps operated on this new system all that he will have to do is to count the number of flashes thrown toward him, note the duration of the total

TRINITY SHOAL.

The Trinity Shoal Light-Ship.



The Skeleton Light at Marblehead.

Iron Light-House at Delaware Breakwater.

eclipse which follows, and consult the key or code which he carries, and he may be as sure of his position as though the fact were chalked on a great sign-board before his eyes. Time is all that is required to bring this novel system to a high state of perfection. With electrical apparatus, for instance, the simple opening and closing of the circuit will secure a magnificent flashing light, and when an automatic adjunct is devised so that this may be done mechanically and with absolute accuracy, the problem will be virtually solved.

Meanwhile, however, the officials are not going on the supposition that the electrical apparatus will inevitably be the type adopted. Experiments are being made with a clock-work arrangement which drops a metal cylinder and thus effectually shuts off every ray of light, and also with new machinery for revolving the lens. Under the new plans the lens, if revolving at all, must be turned rapidly, and inasmuch as a lens weighs more than a ton, and is bulky, breakable, and very delicately poised, the task is not a particularly easy one. Under the plan heretofore in general use clock-work has turned on a steel track the metal plate bearing the lens, but lately ball bearings have been employed, and the lens placed on a steel pivot, turning in an oil bath on a steel plate. A still later experiment was that of resting the lens on a quicksilver float, and from indications this plan shows the way to an ultimate solution of the question.

Closely related to the light-houses themselves are the light-ships, and in the branch of its work dealing with these "aids" the United States Light-House Board has just accomplished one of the most notable achievements in its history in stationing off Cape Hatteras the stanchest craft of her kind ever constructed. Nowhere else on the Atlantic coast is there a point which has given so much worry to the light-house service or fear to the sailors of all nations as these Diamond Shoals, as they are called, and for fully three-quarters of a century the government has been trying to find means to keep vessels out of this "graveyard of the Atlantic," as it has appropriately been termed.

As the Diamond Shoals are ten miles at sea from Cape Hatteras proper, a light on shore serves little purpose on a stormy night, and investigation long ago proved that the raging waves and shifting sands would quickly sweep away the most formidable light-house foundation that could be erected. After the contractors had given up in despair, a light-ship was stationed at the Diamond Shoals, but after a time she went ashore and all on board were lost. Successors to the craft fared scarcely better, until the government determined upon the construction of a craft which should be fitted to buffet successfully the fiercest storm that ever raged, and the ship just completed at Baltimore is the result.

The new floating light-house, which, by-the-way, cost $75,000, is not only possessed of tremendous strength, but as an extra precaution steam is always to be kept up, so that she will be able to beat her way out to sea if in any danger of going ashore. The heaviest chain-cable ever made anchors her to a great mass of iron weighing more than five tons, and there are on board enough other anchors to hold the ship even should the main anchor chain part. This novelty among the world's sea-craft, which is more than a hundred feet in length, has also a steam fog-horn and siren, and a complete electrical installation, from which wires will be carried through the hollow steel to the mast-head electric lights, which will be visible eighteen miles at sea in all ordinary weather. A feature of these lights is the most powerful electric flashing device ever displayed by a light-ship, and used in connection with a cluster of half a dozen one-hundred-candle-power lights.

The York Spit Light.

A sort of small sister to the light-ship, but an immensely serviceable one nevertheless, is the gas-buoy. Uncle Sam has been engaged for years in scattering these small light-ships up and down his coasts, and of late improvements have been made in them which increase their usefulness wonderfully. The floating gas-buoy consists, primarily, of a large and immensely strong tank which floats in the water. Surmounting this is a wrought-iron tower six feet in height and bearing at its summit a stanch lantern. The gas with which the tank is filled is compressed to such a degree that the buoy will burn continuously, day and night, for from three months to a year, according to the size of the tank. Lately some of these buoys have even been arranged with flash-light apparatus.

The United States officials expect to erelong make experiments with an even more wonderful lighted buoy. Some of these new wizards of the deep cost as much as $5000 each, but each buoy is nothing less than a tiny floating electric power station, for which the very waves as they rise and fall serve as fuel. The tumbling of the waves sets at work a small pump, which throws a stream of water against a turbine, and this in turn is connected with the dynamo that generates the electricity for the light. And all this takes place in a buoy that weighs less than eight tons. Certainly it is one of the most marvellous examples of man's ingenuity ever given, and, strangest of all, the seemingly fantastic scheme is wholly practicable. In another new buoy the waves are made to operate machinery that sounds a fog-horn, and in still another the rolling billows are made to ring a bell or gong.

The United States Light-House Board is also devoting quite as much attention to discovering better ways to warn the mariner by sound as to devising improved lights. This would assuredly seem to be quite the proper course, for the inventors have not yet been able to evolve a light that will shine unblurred through snow and rain or that is discernible at all through a fog. Great sirens, huge trumpets, shrieking whistles, and deep-toned bells are all employed to warn the mariner of impending danger. In this sphere also advancement at a rapid pace is the order of the day. For instance, the government officials have lately been making experiments at Faulkners Island, Connecticut, with a strange fog-signalling apparatus consisting of eight megaphones, each ten feet in length, and each turned toward a different point of the compass. The small ends of these megaphones meet at a revolving siren which spins round at the rate of two thousand revolutions per minute, and when compressed air is admitted gives forth a most penetrating sound. The blasts are so arranged that a navigator hearing a warning note sounded can determine the exact direction from which the sound came.

The national authorities, not content with providing this elaborate system of danger-signals for the benefit of the men who go down to the sea in ships, are using every endeavor to make sure that the men for whose benefit they are invented have a full understanding of the various meanings conveyed. Every month there is issued from Washington a list which describes minutely all present and proposed aids to navigation, noting the number and character of the flashes if it be a light, the exact position if a buoy, and the duration of the blasts if it be a fog-signal that is listed.

THE DITTY OF A DOLLAR

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

"Capital and Labor are now out hand in hand seeking employment."—*Financial Item.*

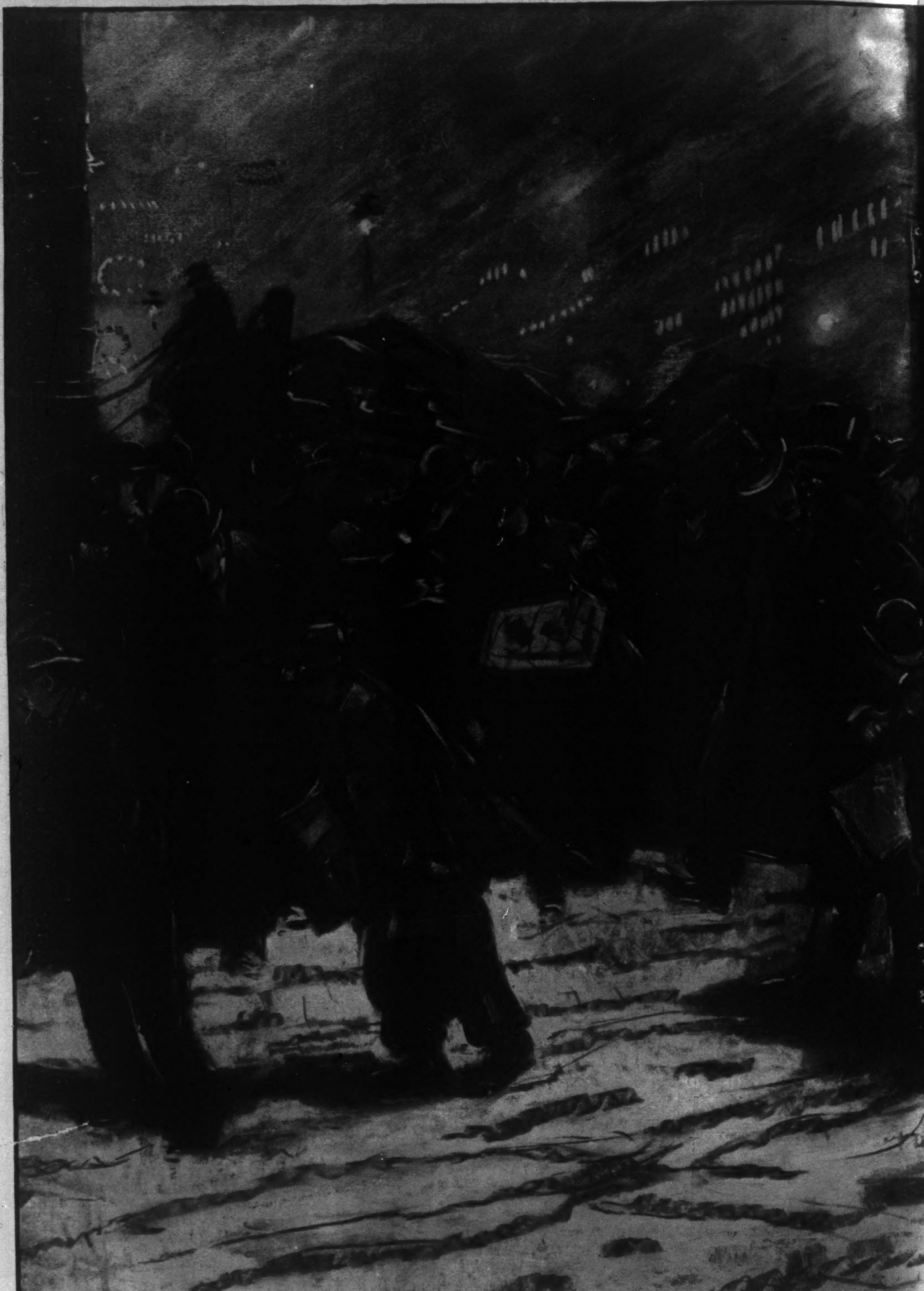
OH, the wind of woe blows colder,
And the wolf is at the door,
And it's shoulder unto shoulder,
Up and down the land we bob.
We are Capital and Labor,
And we're weary and we're sore
As we sound Want's hollow tabor,
For the bounty of a job.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
And we both are out of work,
And our vim the outlook smothers,
Time is heavy on our hands.
We are idle, and we're weary,
As on Ruin's brink we lurk,
And our hearts are in the query,
Who will smile on our demands?

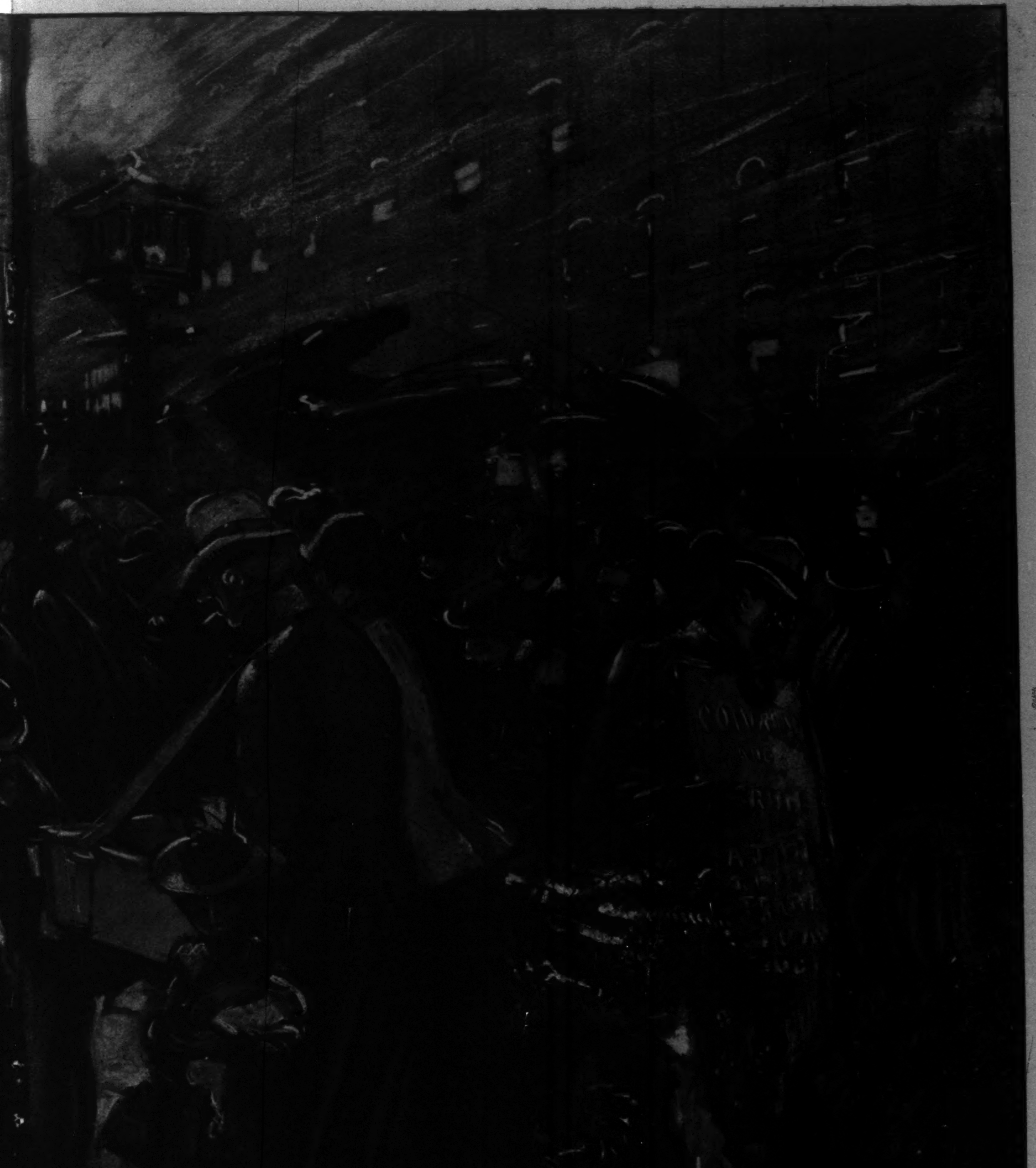
Labor's lying on his beam ends,
Frowning at a fate unjust,
And his olden golden dream ends
Of the cud of sweet content—
Oh, his spirits are not lightened
By the hardness of a crust
When his pocket isn't brightened
By the sunshine of a cent.

All for naught, a legal tender,
Do I wind my shining horn—
I'm an unsuccessful vendor
Of myself from door to door.
Oh, no more my eagle's screaming,
And my spirit's all forlorn,
And my motto, I am dreaming,
Should be: "Money talks no more."

As to Labor, I am wedded,
To Tahiti we should go,
Where employment's only dreaded,
And the laugh is on the bee.
There we both might know Nirvana,
Like the native, joy aglow,
When he catches the banana
As it tumbles from the tree.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN TH


EVERETT SHINN

HE SHOPPING DISTRICT

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY A. MAURICE LOW

THREE great moves, apparently unconnected, were made on the chessboard of European diplomacy within the space of seven days. They were moves pregnant with potential possibilities. Had any or all of them occurred a year ago they would have been at least a nine days' wonder, and caused commotion in more than one Foreign Office. Now they are scarcely more than a day's sensation. Apart from everything else, they are interesting as showing how the efforts of the world's statesmen are directed in striving to maintain peace.

The German Emperor's curt refusal to permit Mr. Kruger to visit him in Berlin was the first act in this trilogy. Had the peripatetic president of the former Transvaal republic been permitted an audience with the German Emperor it would have encouraged the hopes of his mistaken adherents, it would have warranted his reception by other sovereigns, and, in a measure, justified the belief that Europe was not adverse to interfering even at the eleventh hour if it was safe to meddle. Probably Mr. Kruger held in grateful recollection the hysterical telegram which the Kaiser sent him five years ago. But times change, and with them manners. Then, after the Jameson raid, William II. could not get his telegram to President Kruger quick enough, and not within recent years has England been so lashed to frenzy as when she read this telegram. Nothing would have been more popular than a war with Germany. Sober-minded men raved when they discussed the Emperor; the mob went wild. As usual, the German Emperor played his game and lost nothing by it.

To-day all is different. The Emperor is working with England, and it is to his interest to remain on the best of terms with his grandmother's country. Whether England is more useful to him in China than he is to England time will tell; one thing quite certain is that England and Germany are allied in China as elsewhere, and Germany is anxious to keep the alliance intact. The memory of the famous telegram has been wiped out, and the Emperor has shown how very useful he can be to England on occasions.

* * *

FRANCE supplies the setting for the second drama, a drama which ends in a farce, but might easily have become a tragedy. At another time had General Mercier proposed the invasion of England, as he did in his speech in the Senate, it might have led to the downfall of the ministry, things even more trivial have wrecked a French cabinet, or thrown England into a frenzy of excitement. It did neither. England treated Mercier with the contempt he deserves, and a man more contemptible does not live, and the ministry was not even agitated by the insidious attack of this high priest of Nationalism.

In that ghastly tragedy which sent an innocent man to worse than death; in that foul mass of corruption and perjury and treachery and debauchery; in that travesty of justice, the trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, which disgraced France and aroused the contempt and pity of the civilized world, the man pre-eminent for his villany is Mercier, at that time Minister of War. Esterhazy was a cheap scoundrel who was willing to sell himself or his country to gratify his perverted appetite; Henry was a self-confessed forger, and wrote his confession in suicide; Cavaignac was dupe as well as duped, and the list is by no means ended; but Mercier stands forth as perjurer, and forger, and suppressing the facts when he knew they would clear Dreyfus. But for Mercier, but for the manufactured evidence which he secretly supplied to the court martial, but for his persistent assertions that Dreyfus was guilty of the crime charged against him, the tragedy of Devil's Island would never have been enacted. Dreyfus's vindication proved Mercier's villany, and having been proved it was only natural and proper that the Nationalists should make of him a hero.

It can hardly be believed that Mercier, stupid as he has shown himself to be, is stupid enough to seriously regard a French invasion of England as feasible. True, the great Napoleon went so far in his preparations to assemble a fleet and army at Boulogne, and from his day to this a French invasion of England has been talked of by men who have no knowledge of military affairs. Every sensible man knows that an invasion of England is impossible until the British fleet has been swept from the sea. It was not as a military man that Mercier spoke. It was as the demagogic politician, as the Nationalist leader trying to embarrass the government, to destroy it even. His plot failed. France has shown more common-sense than she usually displays, and has not lost her balance. Delcassé, the best Foreign Minister France has had for years, remains in office, and so long as M. Delcassé is at the *Quai d'Orsay* it is a guarantee of peace.

* * *

LONDON sets the stage for the last of the series. It was Lord Salisbury who answered Mercier and the yelping pack back of him, who destroyed Kruger's last illusion, and threw defiance into the face of all the world. Lord Salisbury does not often speak with such brutal force as he did in answering the Lords at the assembling of Parliament. The fate of the Transvaal is sealed. Not a shred of independence is to be left. Self-governing powers they might have, perhaps, but not now. "It might be years, and it might be generations." The fate of the Transvaal was to be a warning to the world, even General Mercier might heed it if he had wit enough. It was a significant warning Lord Salisbury conveyed when he said, "We must let it be felt that no one by the issue of an insolent and audacious ultimatum can force the British government to humble itself and abandon its rights."

Germany working to relieve England of embarrassment; a French ministry declining to gain a little cheap notoriety by encouraging talk of revenge; England defying the world, knowing that her attitude is approved by the responsible ministers of Germany and France—it is a curious conjunction of the diplomatic planets, and prognosticates peace rather than war.

* * *

THE story that De Wet has sworn that if he can ever put his hands on Lord Kitchener he will first flog him and then pistol him is probably apocryphal; that the Boers fear and hate him more than any other British general is true; they hate and fear him as the False Prophet did before the crushing defeat of Omdurman. Lord Kitchener has yet to prove that he is a great military genius; he has already demonstrated that he has a positive genius for organization, for knowing what is going on around him, and for getting to the very last ounce all that there is in his subordinates. The way in which he and a handful of British officers and a few "Sergeants What His Name" took the unbaked clay of the Egyptian *fellaheen* and moulded him into a soldier is one of the marvels of the end of the century civilization. There was no more degraded, inert, and apparently cowardly being on the face of the earth than the Egyptian until Kitchener took him in hand. He made him a soldier. He made him not only amenable to discipline, but infused into him courage. In that land of miracles he worked the greatest of them all.

* * *

KITCHENER is a man who, while not cruel for the mere delight of being cruel, apparently has no soft side to his nature. On one occasion an officer who had been away for some days on a delicate and dangerous mission, which he successfully accomplished, returned to headquarters early in the morning. Without waiting to wash or change his uniform, travel-stained and with a week's growth of beard on his face, he reported to the commander in chief. Kitchener listened in silence until he had finished, and then his only comment was, "The officers of my command do not wear beards." Despite this, no officer anxious to distinguish himself hesitates for a moment when offered an opportunity to serve with Kitchener. They know that he does things, and they admire him for his ability.

His Omdurman campaign was not so much a military triumph as it was the triumph of organization. The obstacles to be overcome were at times seemingly unsurmountable, and the question of finance was a serious one, yet the difficulties were successfully met, and the expenses of the war kept within the limits of the appropriation. There was no haste, no anxiety about his preparations. He waited until everything was ready, and then he struck. It is told of him that one day a drunken Egyptian soldier was arrested and locked up. There were other Egyptians, soldiers and civilians, in the prison, and they talked of many things, to which the soldier listened. He was released later on an order from Kitchener. Some days later Kitchener astonished his chief intelligence office by imparting certain information. How he obtained it no one knew, but long afterwards it came out that Kitchener was the drunken soldier, and had had himself arrested to find out what the natives talked about among themselves.

* * *

MEN best informed on Chinese affairs are amazed at the utter lack of intelligence which England has displayed almost from the outset of the rebellion, and especially so since negotiations were initiated in Peking. German ignorance is not to be wondered at, because Germany is a new-comer in China, and really knows nothing of the country or its people; Russia is too clever to be accused of ignorance; she is too subtle not to know exactly what she is about, but that England should permit herself to be a pawn in the game which she understands so well is inconceivable. To demand that China shall pay an indemnity, even an extremely moderate one as indemnities go nowadays, is to bind her hand and foot and make it impossible for her to cancel the mortgage. No country should know this better than England, who has the benefit of the advice of Sir Robert Hart, the director of the Imperial Customs, whose knowledge of China is exceeded by no man; and Sir Robert is not the only Englishman able to speak with exact authority. To load China down with a debt which she could not hope to pay in a hundred years is amazingly shrewd policy—from the Russian view-point; and crass stupidity if British interests are considered.

China is the poorest great nation in the world. Despite its teeming millions, the revenues amount to only about twelve millions sterling, say, roughly, $60,000,000, which is a bagatelle compared to the budget of the city of New York. Of this sum £3,500,000 are derived from a tariff of five per cent. levied on foreign goods, and the balance is practically raised from the *liking*, salt, and land taxes. More than a quarter of the total revenues, £3,500,000, substantially the entire customs revenue, goes to pay the Japanese indemnity, which will not be liquidated until 1942, although the charge will gradually diminish after 1915. To still further sequester the revenues means simply that China sells herself into slavery, and can never hope to escape from debt.

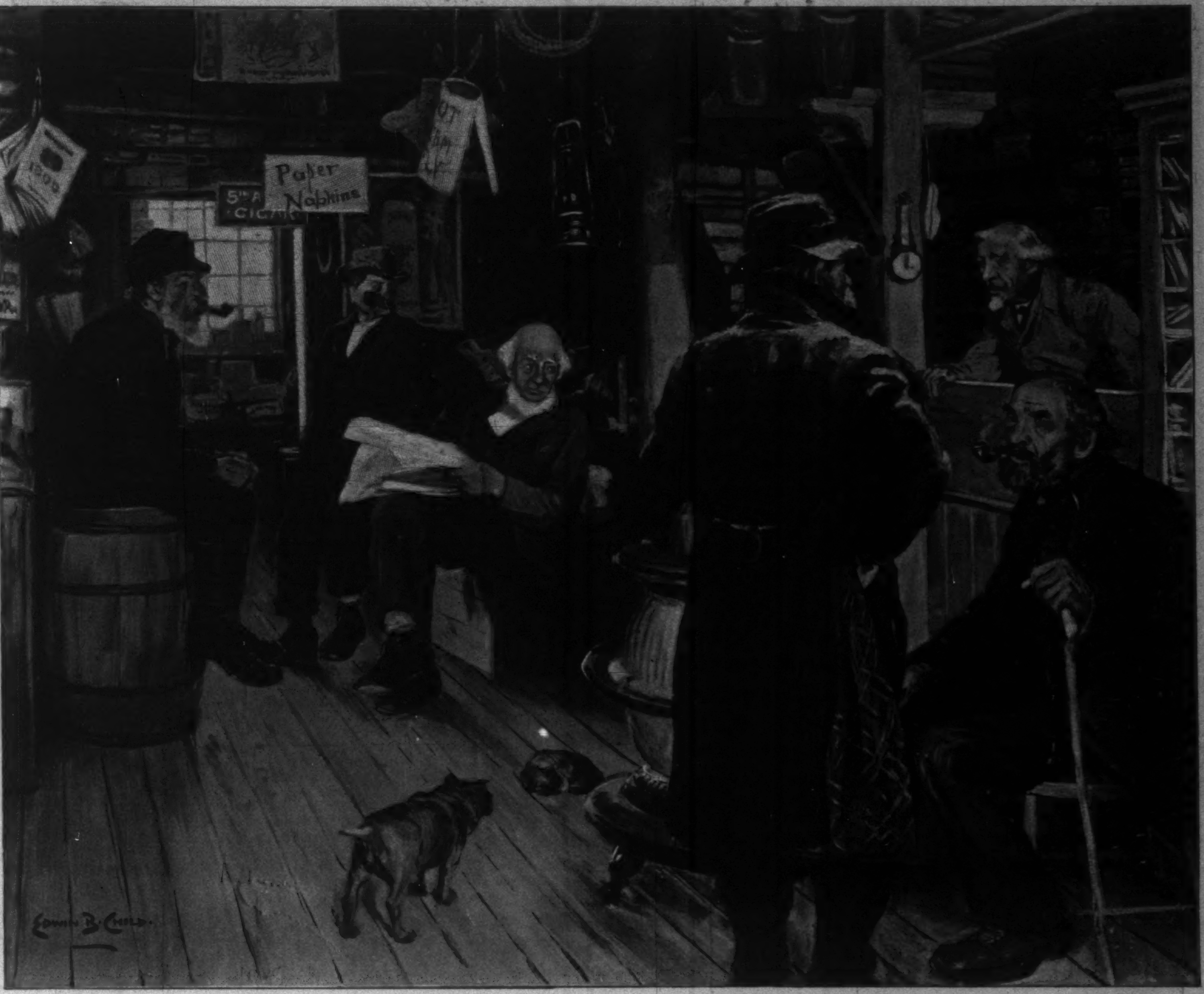
The only hope for China, in the opinion of men who are best qualified to speak on the subject, is in the success of the "Young China" party, which may come through the natural progress of events or may only be brought about as the result of a revolution. Japan's victory opened the eyes of the progressives. They saw their country—vast, populous, rich in all natural resources—brought to its knees by insignificant Japan. They were intelligent enough to study the cause, and their investigations led to the reforms which the Emperor attempted to institute. He was opposed by the Manchus, who have far less intelligence than the Chinese, the reactionaries, and, most bitterly of all, by the politicians, and herein lies China's weakness. Chinese politics are more corrupt than Tammany Hall's administration of New York city. The door of the Chinese civil service is through the pocketbook, and promotion lies the same way. The ponderous literary examinations are a sham. Money and not merit talks. Every Chinese official—speaking broadly—is "on the squeeze," and everything must be squeezed for the benefit of some man. There are Chinese officials who realize the degradation of the system, but who defend it, and themselves, on the ground of necessity. They are paid such miserable salaries that they could not live unless there were perquisites attached to their offices. The man who attempts to do business with a Chinese official without offering him a golden insult will be sure to regret it.

* * *

IT has been much of a mystery why early in the summer Russia suddenly executed a *volte face*, and was the first power to propose the withdrawal of her troops from Peking. The reason is no longer mysterious, if certain letters which I have recently seen are to be accepted as authoritative, and the position and sources of information of the writer of them entitle his statements to be received with the utmost respect. Russia made the unpleasant discovery when the allies entered Peking that Japan and not she was getting all the *kudos*. The completeness of the Japanese equipment and the workmanlike manner in which the Japanese went about their business was a revelation to the Russians. The Russians saw that it was the Japanese who were making the greatest impression upon the Chinese, and that the more the Chinese saw of the Japanese the more convinced they would become that their natural alliance was with Japan rather than with any other country. Moreover, what has always been predicted would happen was being proved. Experienced observers have believed that Russian official corruption is so widespread—it is as bad as in China or Turkey—that the least stress would dislocate the entire military system; that a campaign would reveal as rotten a state of affairs as existed in France in 1870. It is known that the Russian commissary and transport departments went to pieces very early in the campaign, and it was only with the greatest difficulties that Russia was able to send her troops to the scene of hostilities. Another cause for anxiety was the Trans-Siberian road. That railway, feared by all the world because of the ready means it provided Russia for pouring troops into China, proved to be a weakness instead of a source of strength. It was a comparatively easy matter for the Chinese to cut the road, and to maintain communication across Manchuria the entire line had to be guarded—an almost superhuman task. All these things were reason enough why Russia was anxious to escape from an impossible position. The result is that Russia has vastly more respect for Japan than she had six months ago; her military chiefs no longer talk lightly of a Japanese war, and Russia, for some years to come, is more likely to try and obtain her objects by diplomacy than by war.

* * *

AUSTRIA'S future apparently hinges on the life of its present ruler, and with his death, which in the nature of things cannot be long deferred, chaos may follow. For the last three years Austria has been practically without a parliamentary government; taxes have been levied without parliamentary sanction, and laws have been promulgated in the form of ministerial decrees. The complication has been brought about by the racial antagonism of the heterogeneous people comprising the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Austria is a nation in name only; in reality it is a collection of races who have no universal language or religion; who are proud of their own language and nationality, and are jealous of all the other races. Between the Austrian and the Magyar there is little in common, and there is always the memory of '48 to irritate the Hungarian; between the Austrian and the Slav there is even less in common, and there is a violent race hatred. The Germans—*i. e.*, the Austrians proper—fear and hate the Slavs, and are determined never to permit the Slavs to gain the upper hand. The Slavs resist to the utmost the Germanizing of the Empire, and it was the violent opposition of the Czechs to the attempt of the Germans to abolish Bohemian in the schools and substitute German which precipitated the present crisis.



"The Postmaster stared blankly at the Bearer of evil Tidings."

THE REHABILITATION OF SIMEON LOWE

BY BENEDICT HOWELL

"AND that's jest where the Administration makes its mistake," said Simeon Lowe, the postmaster at Beechburg, with emphasis.

He had just finished one of his nightly philippics against the party in power. For be it known that Postmaster Lowe was a Democrat, and the Administration was of the opposite party faith. The Republican President had been inaugurated two years before, but Lowe still held his office. This surprising indulgence on the part of the Administration the postmaster at Beechburg construed as an evidence of timidity, and in the presence of his friends he frequently repelled, with a sniff of scorn, the idea, conceived by himself, that the Administration expected him to pursue a discreet policy of political passivity in return for its favor. His silence was not thus to be purchased.

On this February night the postmaster had reviewed the policies of the Administration with more than his usual acuteness and asperity, occasionally rapping Congress on the knuckles by way of variety. His strong point was the manipulation of statistics; and he had flung them as freely and dexterously as if they had been handfuls of dried pease at the betrayers of the nation. Even the Republican enemies of Postmaster Lowe conceded that his mastery of statistical information was marvellous.

The auditorium was his country store and post-office, and the audience was the usual one. Going back to the day of Postmaster Lowe's installation in office, you could count on your fingers the evenings, excepting Sundays, when his trio of special cronies and admirers were not present to listen to his exposition of national issues. They were Nat Copley, Abe Martin, and Fremont Jarvis. The first of these was known in the village as "Census" Copley, because he had helped to take the Federal census of 1880, and had changed his politics when the Government, by some unexplained oversight, passed him by in making up its list of enumerators ten years later. Martin was the village harness-maker, a meek little man who wore a fur cap, in and out of doors, from September to May, as if nature had glued it to his head. Jarvis worked a vegetable farm on the outskirts of the village. He was the critic of the audience; the others comprised the claque.

"And that's jest where the Administration makes its mistake."

As he concluded, the postmaster leaned forward on the old desk that covered the end of the counter, and eyed his listeners.

"You're right there, Simeon," said Census, who sat by the stove.

"I'd like to hear some Republican answer that argyment," remarked Abe, from his perch on a sugar-barrel.

Jarvis was seated on a cracker-box. His was the only note of discord. "If I wuz you, Lowe," observed Jarvis, "I'd let up a leetle on the President. He'd app'int your successor in a minnit if he knew the way you're fightin' him. Now, if this kind o' talk should get to his ears—"

But here the postmaster interrupted with a snort of disdain. "He dassen't," he shouted, resuming his statistical attitude. "You know very well, Fremont Jarvis—"

At this point the postmaster was, in turn, cut short by the entrance of a new-comer, who slammed the door behind him and stamped the snow from his boots with a vigor that betokened his recognition of the semi-public character of the place. The arrival was Tony Jeffers, the village barber.

"Have you seen the *Gazette*?" asked Tony.

"No, I hain't opened my copy yet," replied the postmaster. "It jest come on the evenin' mail."

"Well, I might as well tell you, Simeon, for you'd hear it soon enough. They've been givin' you the razzle-dazzle at Washington. Your successor's been app'inted."

The news came like a bolt from the blue. Census was the first to find his voice, but it was only to ejaculate, "Well, I'll be darned!" Jarvis might have said, "I told you so," but he was satisfied with a compassionate sigh. It remained for Abe Martin to propound the practical inquiry, "Who is he?"

"It ain't a he," replied the barber; "that's the worst of it. It's a she—a postmissus. Just listen to this"—and he unfolded the paper that he carried in his hand, and read aloud:

"The Postmaster-General has appointed Mrs. Susan Pritchard postmistress at Beechburg, to succeed Simeon Lowe, removed. Mrs. Pritchard is a widow and the daughter of the late Timothy Bixby, who was a well-known veteran of the civil war."

The postmaster had not moved a muscle or uttered a sound. He had stared blankly at the bearer of evil tidings, his naturally ruddy face taking on first a deeper flush and then turning to a melancholy gray. When the newspaper item was read, he moistened his lips, nervously twitched his chin whisker, and removed his glasses and wiped them. But he said nothing. The little group around the stove was not far astray, however, in its interpretation of his emotions. Simeon was a bachelor, whose contempt for the women folk was no secret. The appointment of a postmistress was a deadly personal affront to him. The postmaster moved toward the window and began abstractedly to put up the shutters. It was the signal for his cronies to leave—an hour earlier than usual. They passed out into the snow-laden air, and, mournfully shaking their heads, separated. The pillars of the temple had fallen.

Two weeks afterwards the new postmistress quietly assumed her office without any perceptible shock to the fabric of government.

Meanwhile the three cronies had continued their nightly visits to Simeon's store, but their function now was to talk, and not to listen. In sullen silence the postmaster waited on his customers and handed out the mail, and every effort of his three friends to "draw him out" was unavailing. The fountain of Ciceronian eloquence was dried up.

"He's doin' a heap o' thinkin'," remarked Census, and Jarvis nodded assentingly.

When a fortnight passed without any sign of returning loquacity on Simeon's part, their surprise gave way to alarm.

"I don't like the way he's goin' on," observed Abe Martin; and the grave faces of the others reflected the gloomy sentiment. They began to suspect that he had some desperate expedient in mind, and a wild suggestion of Copley's that he might attempt to resist by force the transfer of the post-office effects to the new

Rev. G. B. Stewart. Rev. W. McKibben. W. R. Crabbe, P.D.
J. B. Parsons, Esq. Rev. D. R. Noyes. Rev. E. W. C. Humphrey. Rev. W. H. Roberts. Rev. R. A. Frazer.

Rev. D. W. Fisher. Henry Van Dyke. Rev. S. S. Sprecher. Ex-President Harrison. Justice Harlan. Rev. S. J. Niccols.

Members of the Committee for the Revision of the Presbyterian Church Creed.

incumbent caused all three to glance furtively at the old shot-gun hanging over the oil-tank.

The new postmistress was a widow. The late Lem Pritchard, her lamented husband, had left her $1000 in insurance money, and little else; but with this modest capital she had been able to start in business as a baker and confectioner, and to make a living. She was a hearty, rosy, muscular woman, industrious and thrifty. In Mrs. Pritchard's neat and comfortable little shop the government duly established its postal headquarters, and Simeon Lowe became once more a private citizen.

It was on the evening of the day the transfer was made that Simeon opened his lips to speak, for the first time in a fortnight, at least in the hearing of his three admiring and depressed cronies.

"Say, boys, I wish one of you'd do me a favor."

In a moment all three were alert and expectant.

"I've got to have my mail, you know," he continued, "but I'll be hanged if I go after it myself. I'd go out of business fust, or leave the town. That woman—"

But here the memory of the indignity he had suffered stifled his utterance, once so fluent. He paused and nervously stroked his whiskers, while Census hastened to ask what the favor was.

"I want you to drop into her place on your way over here every night, and bring me any mail you'll find there for me."

"Be glad to do it, old man," responded Census.

So it happened that Census called every evening at the new post-office for Simeon's mail. Now that the ice was broken, Lowe's three cronies looked for a further restoration of his vocal powers, but their awakened hopes were doomed for a time to disappointment. The ex-postmaster showed no disposition to join in their conversation. Whether he was brooding over his wrongs or plotting revenge, or both, his solicitous companions could only conjecture. Even the entrance of a customer failed to break the thread of his meditation, for he waited upon his patrons in a perfunctory, absent-minded way that was in painful contrast with the garrulous greeting and attentive service they were wont to receive from him in other days. The saddened trio observed and wondered. They had about concluded that their former "guide, philosopher, and friend" had been gripped by a hopeless melancholia, when on one memorable evening, about a month after the installation of the postmistress, a surprising change was marked. It was Census who made the discovery. The trio had scarcely settled themselves in their accustomed places for the evening when Census, with amazement written all over his face, whispered, "Look!" and pointed in Lowe's direction. Marvel of marvels! An unmistakable grin was wrinkling the surface of Lowe's face, erstwhile so rigidly solemn. It was plain enough that a mighty pleasant thought had crossed his mind, as he sat at the desk ruminating, and this theory of the lookers-on was strengthened when he slapped his knee, rose to his feet, still smiling, and approached the little group. They expected some important revelation. But all he said was this:

"I say, boys, how's Sue Pritchard gittin' on down below?"

That was not much, but it was deeply significant. His glacial prejudice was melting. It was Fremont Jarvis who replied:

"I don't b'lieve in no woman holdin' a gover'ment job, and you know it, Simeon; but the gin'ral 'pinion is she's doin' fust trade for a woman that's had no experience—leastwise no experience like your'n. She's a leetle slow in sortin' out the mail night times when the crowd's waitin', but she can read writin' as good—well, as good as any woman in Beechburg—and I hain't heard no complaint."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Simeon, not with sarcasm, his friends imagined, but in mild satisfaction at the news. They were a little puzzled at his placid acceptance of the popular verdict; but they were puzzled even more when he added: "I always thought pretty well of Sue. She's a right smart woman."

He then dropped the subject, and so did his friends. But later on, when the three were getting ready to leave, he startled them with this remark:

"Census, you needn't mind callin' for my mail to-morrow. I guess I'll step in for it myself."

And then he grinned again, and the grin was broader than before—yes, and there was a click in his throat that resembled a chuckle. This was heaping mystery upon mystery; but the crowning surprise came when Lowe, who was moving to the door with the trio, paused, and shaking his forefinger, gravely said:

"If I don't git even with the Administration yet, my name ain't Simeon Lowe. You mind what I say."

The next evening Simeon strode into the post-office, to the great astonishment of the villagers there assembled, and politely inquired for his mail. He did more, for he was observed to smile patronizingly upon the postmistress, and he was even heard to say, "A fine evenin', Mrs. Pritchard."

After that incident, which was duly made the subject of village gossip, Simeon called at the post-office every day, although his mail for an entire week rarely exceeded the limit of two or three letters and a newspaper; and he soon increased his daily visits to two, and finally to three. Little by little the village noted that his relations with the postmistress were becoming quite confidential, and many were the theories advanced to account for the phenomenon. One conjecture was that the late postmaster, animated by sentiments of gallantry, was coaching his successor in her official duties; but the men who knew Simeon's attitude toward the gentler sex scoffed at this explanation, and none more contemptuously than Census and his chums.

The three friends were, in truth, in a state of complete bewilderment, not unmixed with chagrin, over Simeon's ignoble parading of the white feather. The thing was unbearable, and after more than one whispered consultation they determined to bring matters to a head. Jarvis was the spokesman selected for the attack, and he began it one night in this fashion:

"Gittin' quite chummy with the new postmissus, eh, Simeon?"

Simeon's first impulse was to resent the insinuation, but he resisted it, and grinned instead. Walking over to the group, his thumbs inserted jauntily in the armholes of his vest, he said:

"Boys, you know me pretty well. You remember what I allowed I would do the other evenin'? I said I'd git even with the Administration, didn't I? Well, you jest watch and see."

"But what's your plan, Simeon?" chimed in Census. "You know we're with you from fust to last if you only give us a tip."

"Never you mind, Census," replied Simeon; and then he went on in a more conciliatory tone: "You mustn't get tetchy if I don't put you onto the game for a while yet. It ain't that I don't trust you fellows; but the fact is that the job I've on hand must be done alone—alone, d'ye understand?"

They didn't understand, but no more was said on the subject that night. The wearing anxiety of the three friends was supplanted by a consuming curiosity. What masterly coup was the fertile mind of the late postmaster now planning?

Simeon greeted his three visitors each evening with ever-increasing geniality. From his beaming countenance they drew the shrewd conclusion that his master-stroke of retaliation, whatever it might be, was working toward a brilliant climax. One night in May—notable from the circumstance that Abe Martin had left his fur cap at home and signalized the change of season by wearing a rusty Panama—Simeon betrayed a disposition to take his friends a little further into his confidence, by saying:

"Boys, it was the twenty-fust of Feb'uary, the day 'fore Washin'ton's Birthday, that Sue Pritchard took charge of the post-office. S'pose I was to tell you that 'fore the fust o' June I'd have it back—what 'ud you say to that?" And then he grinned and chuckled and even closed one eye and poked Census in the side.

"If you say so," remarked Census, "we're bound to b'lieve you. But tell us 'bout it. You 'ain't changed your politics, have you? Sho, I know you hain't. It can't be possible that they're goin' to remove Sue Pritchard?"

"No, sir," rejoined Simeon. "She's all right. But all the same I'm goin' to git the post-office back. You c'n bet your bottom dollar on that." Then he lowered his voice a trifle as he added: "They say it's an able Administration. So it is. They say the Postmaster-General is a smart one. So he is. But you may put this down, and swear by it: Simeon Lowe is more'n a match for the brightest of 'em." There was no chance for a controversy here, for his listeners devoutly believed him.

It was on a warm and balmy evening in May, a never-to-be-forgotten evening in the history of Beechburg, that the three cronies were sharply reminded that the crisis was at hand. When the latest comer of the trio took his familiar seat in Lowe's store, the proprietor was absent; but it was not long before he entered, and they saw at a glance that something wonderful was about to happen. His face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling with excitement, and, stranger yet, he was attired in a brand-new suit—a luxury he had not indulged in for, lo! these three years.

"Johnnie," he said, addressing the lad behind the counter, "close up the store." It lacked at least two hours of the regular closing time. The mystified friends could scarcely credit their ears. But they awaited the explanation in silence, and they got an instalment of it when he turned to them and remarked:

"Boys, I've got a little invitation for you. It's rather short notice, but I don't want you to mind that. You know where Sue Pritchard lives, down near the band-stand. Well, I'm goin' to ask you to be there at exactly half past eight. Don't ask no questions, and say nothin' to nobody. If I didn't need you, I wouldn't have you come. Then we'll see who's who."

The wondering trio dispersed to their several homes to "brush up" a bit for the contemplated visit. Census was the first to arrive at Mrs. Pritchard's, and there he found besides Simeon, who shone with elation, and the widow, the Reverend Josiah Armstrong, the Methodist minister, and Fanny Hedges, Mrs. Pritchard's clerk and deputy postmistress. Abe and Fremont arrived soon after Census, and it didn't take the three very long to discover that they were in the presence of a wedding party. They stood awkwardly in a corner, speechless with surprise. The mystery was unravelled! The groom was Simeon and the bride was the radiant postmistress.

Not until the businesslike ceremony was over, and Simeon had placed the ring on Mrs. Lowe's chubby finger, did the three onlookers recover from their stupefaction. It was then that they heard Simeon's familiar voice saying:

"Didn't I keep my word? Is there anything slow about Uncle Simeon? Boys, I tell you this is a corker on the Administration. Won't they be wild when they hear of it in Washin'ton? Sue is postmissus, and I'm Sue's husband, ain't I? It had to be all done on the sneak, 'cause if the President had got wind of it he'd 'a' tried to stop it, sure's pison. Sue, fetch in some o' that elderberry wine. Great woman that! She'll tell you when she comes in that what's hers is mine, and when she promised to love, honor, and obey she meant the post-office as well as everything else. So I'm as good as postmaster again. And what's more, I've written to the President all about it; and now let him remove her for gittin' married if he dast."

When the three friends were walking homeward that eventful night, Census observed, "Simeon's a genius." And Abe added, "He ought to be in Congress." It was the reflective and unsanguine Jarvis who sounded this note of apprehension: "I'm afeard the President won't stand it."

Apparently Fremont's forebodings were baseless, for the President took his defeat like a man.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

ON December 6 the House of Representatives voted, 159 to 51, to abolish the canteen system in the army. Mr. Littlefield, a Maine Prohibitionist, led the attack on the canteen. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio supported him, though expressly admitting that prohibition had been a failure whenever tried. Several members appeared for the defence, pointing out what the canteen had done to promote order, good discipline, and temperance in the army. The vote, as stated, was overwhelming. In view of what we all know about the usefulness of the canteen, it is evident that the House, in declaring by a three-fourths vote for its suppression, did not consider the merits of the question. What the House seems to have voted against was the interpretation by Attorney-General Griggs of a bill previously passed. About two years ago Congress passed a bill which it supposed had suppressed the canteen, but Mr. Griggs ruled that it had not had the intended effect. It seems warrantable to believe that this recent vote of 159 to 51 does not express the opinion of the House on the canteen, but only on Mr. Griggs's ruling.

The Senate seems to be taking the matter more seriously on its merits. It has sent the army bill, including the canteen amendment, to its Committee on Military Affairs. On December 8, the Rev. Wilbur Crafts (the gentleman who falsely accused President McKinley of drinking champagne) told this committee how badly the canteen had worked at Newport after the Cuban war, and quoted in opposition to it Surgeon-General Sternberg, who did at the time disapprove the canteen, but has changed his mind, and now favors it. Mrs. Thatcher of New Jersey thought the soldiers wasted time, money, and health at the canteen, and Mrs. Kells of Mississippi was sure the soldiers' mothers preferred that they should not drink. Miss Kearney of Mississippi had been informed that most of the general officers of the army disapproved the canteen. Mrs. Allison, Superintendent of Legislation for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, had statistics to prove that rum followed the flag, and that our soldiers took stimulants in the tropics.

Conversely the Reverend Mr. Miller, who had served fourteen months as an army chaplain in the Philippines, favored the canteen unreservedly, because it kept soldiers out of worse places and promoted temperance.

The working of the canteen is well understood. It is not upheld because it is good for soldiers to drink beer, but because it is better for soldiers who want to drink something to drink beer moderately at the post exchange than to drink bad whiskey, or the pestilent vino of Manila, in low dives and groggeries. If Congress suppresses the canteen by way of asserting its power to make laws we can't help it, but must hope that in time the matter may come up again and be considered on its merits.

* * *

WHILE women are appearing before committees to give advice to Senators about the management of the army, one reads with special interest (in the *Sun*) about the rise of the Anti-Fussing Association in Harvard College. There have long been many associations at Harvard, for the doing or undoing of a great variety of things, but the Anti-Fussing Association is a brand-new one. Its object, as the *Sun* describes it, on the authority of its president, is to rescue Harvard undergraduates from petticoat influences. "Fussing" in its cant sense, in Cambridge, means playing with girls. The "fusser" is he who likes the society of young ladies; makes calls on them, gives afternoon teas in his rooms, goes to parties, and gives signs of undue susceptibility to female attraction. The general purpose of the new association is to check activity of this sort. Its special aims, alleged to be set forth in its constitution, are to keep the gallery of Memorial Hall closed to visitors, and to do away with "vespers." What "vespers" are does not appear. Afternoon prayers, possibly. At any rate the objection to them seems to be that they attract girls and are a preliminary to visits to Memorial Hall and to afternoon teas. Another evil which the new society seeks to abate is the monopolization of college lectures "by Cambridge women who bring their knitting, and by Radcliffe girls who eat candy during the lecture."

Although it believes "fussing" to be antagonistic to the best interests of the university, it does not seek to do away with it altogether. Wiser in its generation than the W. C. T. U., which seeks an absolute separation of mankind from rum, it does not aim at prohibition, but merely at restraint. Recognizing that a certain amount of "fussing" is necessary to civilization, it issues to its members permits for calls, teas, dinner-dances, and other employments which girls provoke, but its permits or licenses are only obtainable on payment of a fine of from one to five dollars, according to the size of the privilege.

We are informed that the Chinese minister was recently elected an honorary member of the association, as "the representative of the empire in which, of all others, woman is kept in her proper sphere."

* * *

THE Anti-Fussing Association may seem to be lacking in gallantry, but one should not be precipitate in reaching that conclusion. Possibly there has really come to be too much "fussing" in collegiate Cambridge. Possibly the years that in former days young fellows used to devote to acquiring knowledge of men and things have become invaded to a deleterious extent by premature and too engrossing studies of the nature of woman. That is a branch of knowledge in which, in the judgment of many thoughtful persons, the years that follow twenty-one offer more timely opportunities to become versed than those that precede it.

Yet we find that so experienced an educator as President Harper of the University of Chicago seems to favor the study of girls by his young men, provided that the girls are such as, in his judgment, are suitable to be studied. The newspapers have been telling us that Dr. Harper gave a dinner, on December 6, to twenty-five of his university football-players. It was announced beforehand—or at least the impression got around—that each member of the football squad should invite a girl student to the dinner. Forthwith each of the twenty-five invited a girl, but the names of the ladies so selected being submitted to the dean, it was found that only five of the twenty-five stood high enough in their studies to deserve to be bidden to the feast. In place of the twenty virgins whose mental radiance had not been demonstrated to be of the requisite candle-power, twenty others of stronger intellectual luminosity were substituted, and the feast went on. The despatches say that there were thirty-three high-grade girls in all at the dinner, and that as the football-men didn't know many of them, the men and the ladies were paired off according to a schedule, made up doubtless by the dean. No doubt it was an amusing dinner, but an anti-fussing society seems hardly to be needed in the University of Chicago so long as the president and dean take such good care that natural selection shall not rage unguided by a higher intelligence.

* * *

MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, the widow of the historian of the English people, has been to St. Helena to see the Boer prisoners, and writes in the December *Nineteenth Century* about her visit. There is neither politics nor partisanship in her discourse, but there is much sympathy. She found St. Helena a colossal, dreary slag-heap. She found the Boer prisoners in good bodily health, and very ready to converse with her. She has nothing but kind words and praise —and possibly tears—for them. She found them courteous, gentle, patient, and kind, and her heart went out to them. She came away sad, and persons who prefer to believe that the Boers are getting no more than their deserts will not find much satisfaction in her narrative.

* * *

READERS of the WEEKLY have heard before now of the Free Home for Incurable Cancer which was started four years ago by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Mrs. Lathrop has been for some years a member of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, and signs herself now "Sister M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D." She writes to the WEEKLY of her desire to extend her work very much beyond its present bounds. She has with her an increasing number of nurses devoted for life to the labor that now engages them, and she hopes to advance the strength of her hospital, and make it really adequate to the need it meets. Readers of the WEEKLY who would co-operate with her should address their communications to 426 Cherry Street, New York.

* * *

HARVARD and Yale wrangled over the Philippines question on December 7, at Cambridge, on the occasion of the eleventh annual debate. Harvard argued that we ought to keep the islands, and won the debate, her debaters thereby giving the undergraduates a chance to burn some of the red-fire which was provided for use on the night of November 24, but was not needed. For some reason unexplained, Harvard usually beats Yale in debate.

Senator Hoar in an address to Harvard students this fall, in which he somewhat deprecated the extravagant claims of the apostles of the strenuous life, spoke of the ability to speak effectively in public as one of the most important accomplishments which a young man can acquire. It is certainly better esteemed now in the leading American universities than it was twenty-five years ago, and the annual oratorical contests are of undoubted value in promoting the cultivation of it.

* * *

THERE seems to be excellent sense in a bill which, we are told, will be pressed upon the consideration of the Legislature of Indiana at its present session. It provides for the appointment of an expert commission to examine personally into the case of every person convicted of crime in the State, and to give such treatment, if any, mental or physical, as may seem to be needed. The idea is that many criminals are criminals by consequence of some disorder that might be remedied. Some may require a surgical operation; others medical attention; others may be mentally so undeveloped as not to have due sense of their obligations as members of society. Doubtless the majority of criminals are beyond help of this nature, but the general idea seems sound and useful, and in accordance with our modern sentiment that there must be something amiss with a person who is so foolish as to commit a serious crime. At the recent meeting of the National Prison Association, Mr. Eugene Smith, of New York, a penologist of recognized standing, declared that the direct annual cost of crime in the United States amounted to about two hundred million dollars. This seems to include merely the cost of repression and punishment. The indirect cost—the loss by theft, arson, and like crimes —cannot be estimated, but is put at a far greater sum than the direct cost. It is evident that prevention and cure, if successfully applied to crime, would be excellent economy. The $139,000,000 which the country spends on education is in a sense an expenditure for prevention of crime, but the cure of crime gets comparatively little attention, perhaps because it seems so hopeless. If Indiana can demonstrate that crime is more often curable by medical or surgical means than we suspect, she will be doing the country a valuable service.

* * *

MR. PETER DUNNE has typhoid fever, and there will be a hiatus in the discourses of Dooley in this journal until he gets well. Why there has not been a hiatus in Dooley long since—why Dooley has not run out of opinions and gumption and remarkable turns of language—is something that many of us have wondered at. But Dooley is a deep well, and is fed by springs besides. There is no sign of drought about him. He is as amusing, as sound, and as wise in his generation when he talks of China as when he talked of Spain. What he has to say about Reform or the Historical Novel is as engaging and remunerative as what he had to say about Cousin George. Nothing but real sense can last as Dooley has lasted. Nothing but real sense could be as funny as Dooley is. Mr. Dunne has come to be pretty nearly indispensable. Here's hoping for his early and complete recovery.

* * *

OSCAR BOOZ, a young fellow formerly a cadet at West Point, who died the other day in Pennsylvania, is said to have got his death as the result of injuries to his throat caused by his swallowing some peppery mixture which was forced upon him by another cadet while he was a plebe two years ago at West Point. How much truth there is in the story cannot be said, but whatever truth there is in it ought to come out, and if the truth can be brought out by investigation, we are likely to have it, for Colonel Mills, the Superintendent at West Point, appears to have gone into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and Congress seems disposed to learn as much about it as Colonel Mills can tell.

* * *

SALEM, Massachusetts, has a Municipal Record Association, which seeks to awaken the responsibility of the voter in municipal government by placing before him, before the annual municipal election, a record of what has been done by his local representatives. During the past year this association has employed a stenographer, who has attended all meetings of the government boards of the city, and taken down all speeches and votes. From the record thus made a condensed history of the municipal doings of the year has been made and published in the Salem *News*. It is compact, and fills only two narrow columns, but from it one may learn the course of every alderman and councilman on every question he took sides on publicly during the year. The Salem horse has thus been brought to water. Whether he has been induced to drink, the association has not imparted. That will appear on election day.

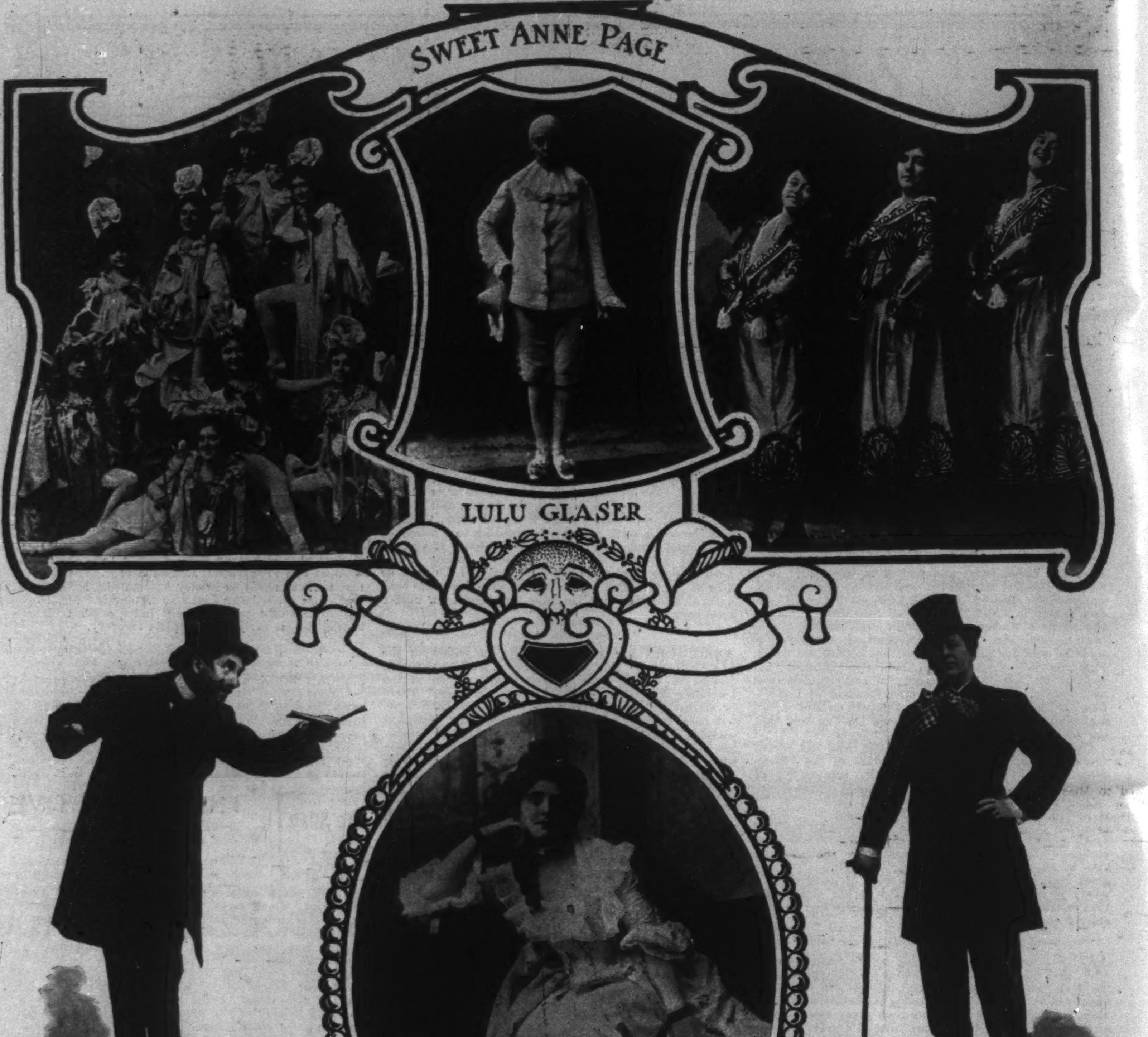
* * *

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON was sent to China when the Boxer trouble began, because he was the American soldier who knew China best, and whose experience seemed most likely to be valuable to our forces there. He got back to Washington on December 10, and though naturally he brings no news, his comments on the news we get are full of interest. China, he says, must accept any terms offered her which are practicable. She can make no resistance. She has fought her last battle against progress and lost it.

As to General Chaffee, and his order closing the American gate at Peking to looters, and his protest against the removal of the old observatory instruments by the Germans and French, General Wilson sustains General Chaffee, and seems to share the feelings that we have, who have not been to Peking. He disapproves the carrying off of the old bronze telescopes, but can't believe Count Waldersee has countenanced it. Count Waldersee General Wilson speaks of as a man of excellent principles and character, who is doubtless of the same opinion as General Chaffee about looting, and cannot be personally responsible for the outrages committed by some of the Germans.

The Imperial Palace General Wilson reports to be dirty, uncomfortable, inconvenient, and very much behind the times. The beds were bad, the sewerage very primitive, and the imperial buildings betokened poverty. The Empress had a good deal of bric-à-brac, but very little that was valuable. The Emperor had a mania for clocks, and had a large and very indiscriminate collection of them.

As for the allied troops, General Wilson seems to have been most impressed by the Japanese, whom he praises unreservedly. Our own troops he praises too, but says that the European officers will hardly admit that they are really soldiers at all in the military sense, though they do admit that they fight well.



SWEET ANNE PAGE

LULU GLASER

CLAUDE BROOKE

MARY MANNERING AS JANICE MEREDITH

MACLYN ARBUCKLE

THE DUEL IN "JANICE MEREDITH."

THE THEATRICAL NOVELTIES OF THE WEEK.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

THREE actors have recently come forward in New York under circumstances that entitle them to be considered stars. They are the principal figures in the plays that present them, and attention is chiefly attracted to them. These are the hall-marks of the star today, and it not infrequently happens there is nothing else to distinguish them. This is not true of at least two of the newcomers to this kind of celebrity. Mary Mannering, for several years at the head of Daniel Frohman's Company, has made a beginning that lacks no sign of complete popular success. Lulu Glaser in her quite different field has apparently found favor. Maclyn Arbuckle, an actor almost unknown to New York audiences, scarcely met with the favor shown to the two women.

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THERE are signs that the vogue of the dramatized novel, which has already continued too long for the good of dramatic art, has begun to decline. Adapters have relied too completely on the popularity of the books which they attempted to turn into plays, and the public has in several cases rebelled at the inartistic transfer to the stage of a few scenes from a book illustrated by stretches of its dialogue. The art of the novelist has never been the same as that of the dramatist, and it is no more possible now than it ever has been in the past to make a book into a play merely by dividing it into acts instead of chapters, and allowing its dialogue to be spoken on the stage. Few of the dramas seen during the past two years, presumably made from popular novels, have been more expertly put together than this one; it is encouraging to realize that the end of these makeshifts has come.

The chief incidents of the novel are preserved in this play, which shows *Janice* at her mother's farm, in the Squire's home occupied by the British, in the headquarters of the Hessian commander at Trenton, and at Yorktown. The most that can be said in the play's favor is the exactness with which its principal character is suited to Miss Mannering's talents. During her years at the head of the Lyceum Theatre Company she was frequently called upon to play rôles which did not in the least suit her. She can never give the illusion of a woman of society or the world. She never wears her gowns with distinction nor has in the least degree the air of the great lady. She can be charmingly tender, womanly, and sympathetic, however, and her skill in comedy is much heightened by her archness and piquancy, which are natural and spontaneous enough to win any audience. Her artistic equipment is slight, but her allure of youthfulness, her physical beauty, and her rather modest manner are potent with her audiences, and have indeed won for her the great degree of popularity she enjoys today. Her part in the dramatized "Janice Meredith" demands just these qualities, and her personal success is never a moment in doubt. How high its artistic standard may be is by no means so well settled. Young actresses may find it more important to be materially prosperous at the outset than to win praise without public support. They may indulge their artistic ambitions when they have earned enough for their managers to make certain the public demand for them. Miss Mannering seems now most in need of repose and some training in elocution that will enable her to control her voice. Every aid to the exploitation of her personal attractiveness is present in the performance. She is seen first coming through a path of hollyhocks, she sits at her mother's churn, arrays herself in dainty garments of the period, and displays her comeliness always in some appropriate and delightful fashion. So her own share in "Janice Meredith" is likely to satisfy her admirers, and they may even forgive the play for her sake.

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IT is usually the fate of American comic-opera librettists to write with some performer in view who is to be the central figure of any text they may evolve. The peculiar talents of Francis Wilson have inspired many times J. Cheever Goodwin and other librettists less capable of finding humor in Mr. Wilson's bow-legs and his squeak. De Wolf Hopper's elephantine cavortings chiefly had to be kept in mind when operettas used to be written to fit him, and Jefferson d'Angelis would never consider a scenario that did not allow him to fall up or down stairs at least once or twice during the evening. Lillian Russell became the despair of libretto writers, who after several seasons could not devise new ways of exhibiting her beauty. She appeared in all kinds of costumes and under all becoming circumstances. Alice Nielsen was the only young woman who still indulged herself in this kind of made-to-order comic opera until Lulu Glaser appeared with the importance that attaches to a star. Miss Glaser has fairly earned the right to appear in this prominence, if length of apprenticeship can justify it. She is shown in many varied costumes and situations, and the opera made solely to divulge her constantly and variously pretends to no other purpose. Its success with the individual spectator depends entirely on the amount of pleasure he derives from the contemplation of Miss Glaser, the sound of her voice, and the impression of her personality. She has humor and intelligence, and a certain more or less finished method of creating her effects. Persons who enjoy Miss Glaser will declare her and "Sweet Anne Page" a success, while those who look for something else in an evening's entertainment will not be so well satisfied. W. H. Neidlinger's music is too trivial to deserve any degree of attention, and is inferior to the libretto, which has one or two other advantages than its insistent exhibition of Miss Glaser. Its types are aged, and its intrigue has often served before. *Sweet Anne Page* is not the maiden of Shakspere's play, but the ward of the customary comic-opera guardian who wants to marry her to a dissolute nobleman. The young woman joins a band of strolling actors, while the village lover beneath her station whom she is not allowed to marry distinguishes himself through a secret mission to William of Orange. Into all the scenes of the operetta Miss Glaser is regularly projected, and considering that the librettists had to keep her importance as well as her limitations always in view, they have done their work fairly well.

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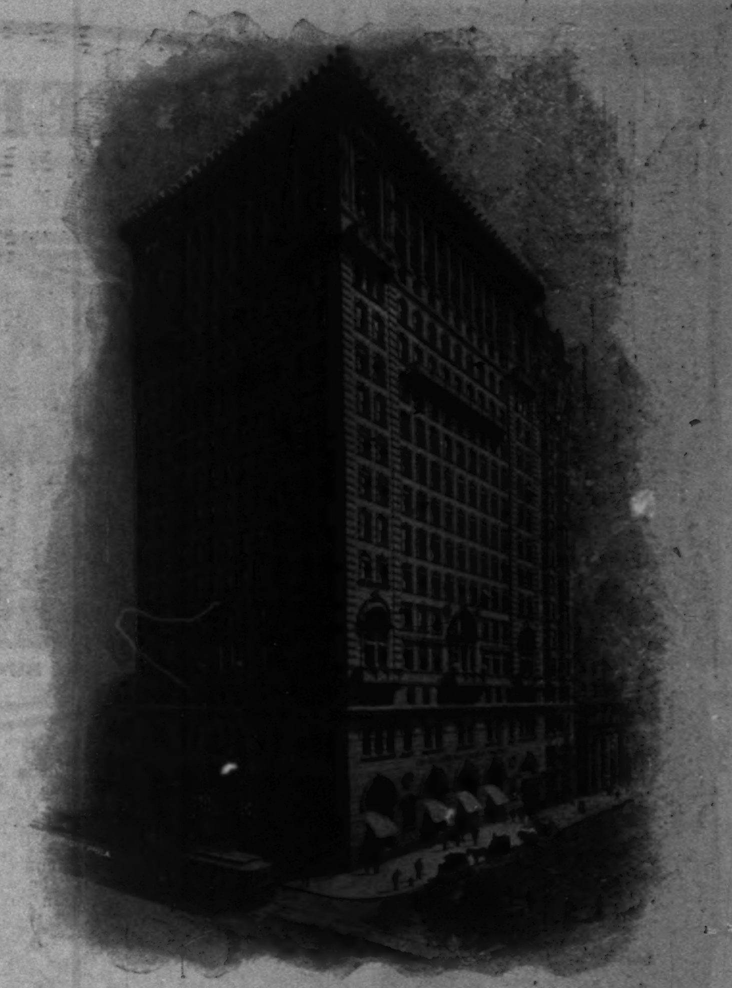

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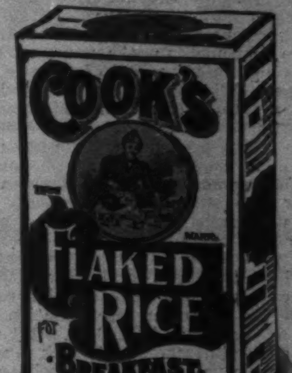

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THE OPERA SEASON OF 1900

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LOUISE HOMER

LUCIENNE BREVAL

ONE season at the Metropolitan Opera House is not likely to differ importantly from another. If the same great singers do not return one year, it is usually safe to predict they will be found in Mr. Grau's company during the season that follows, and it is all but assured that they will appear in the usual list of operas. Sometimes there is more Wagner than Gounod, and then again the majority of representations may lie to the credit of the French composer. When Mlle. Calvé is at the Metropolitan, the name of Bizet stands high in any record of operatic happenings. When Madame Sembrich is there, the works of Rossini and Mozart—typical of the wide range of her art in opera—claim greater attention than at any other time. Thus are the singers and the operas in which they appear so closely associated that one need only read the list of artists to lay out the winter's plan of opera, or read the rêpertoire and know who is to be heard. It may be sometimes Madame Ternina or Madame Nordica who is to sing *Brünnhilde*, or the *Faust* of a particular representation may be M. de Reszke or M. Saléza. But with these slight differences from week to week, the operatic year at the Metropolitan advances along familiar and unvarying lines. The scheme of its control compels this result. Mr. Grau's plan is to gather the greatest singers in the world. This number is limited, and for various reasons they are not always to be had every year. This season neither Madame Sembrich, Calvé, or Eames is to be heard at the Metropolitan. Madame Melba, who has not been a member of the company for two years, and Ternina, Nordica, Gadski, and Schumann-Heink return, and so does Jean de Reszke, who, since the time of his first association with the Metropolitan, has always shown a disposition to remain abroad every other year. Madame Calvé follows this plan, and Madame Sembrich has adopted it in a measure this year, by dividing her season almost equally between this country and Europe. Madame Eames is ill at her home in Paris, and will not come to New York this year until the early spring, if she is well enough to come at all. On the masculine side there have been fewer changes in the personnel of the company. Albert Saléza, Giuseppe Cremonini, Ernest Van Dyck, Albert Salignac, Giuseppe Campanari, Antonio Scotti, Theodor Bertram, Edouard de Reszke, Pol Plançon, Suzanne Adams, Rosa Olitzka, and Susan Strong are some of the familiar singers who will be heard again during the present season.

Its seventeen weeks' continuance will introduce these and some of the artists named before in new rôles if in but two cases in new operas. Both of these are the work of the same composer, Giacomo Puccini, who has been selected for this unusual honor. In a theatre like the Metropolitan that rarely presents novelties, Signor Puccini must appreciate the distinction of having his two most recent operas selected from the entire range of modern works. If Madame Melba had not been charmed with the rôle of *Mimi* in "La Bohème," and Madame Ternina had not triumphed so splendidly in "La Tosca" at Covent Garden, Signor Puccini might not have had so much reason to feel proud. He probably recalls the influence of the prima donna at all times, and remembers that the fortunes of other composers have been as much affected by it as his own. Madame Nordica is to sing *Pamina* in "Il Flauto Magico," and Madame Gadski will be heard in the same rôle. Madame Melba will for the first time appear as *Leonore* in "Il Trovatore," and Madame Schumann-Heink will sing the gypsy *Azucena*. M. Campanari will be new as *Marcel* in "La Bohème," while M. Scotti's *Falstaff* and *Scarpia* in "La Tosca" will bring him forward in two new rôles. There is some promise of Edouard de Reszke as a German *Hans Sachs*, but the distinguished basso's struggles with the language in which Wagner composed his great comic opera have been too prolonged for confidence in this intention. Albert Saléza will sing *Manrico*, *Rudolpho*, and *Tamino*, and Suzanne Adams will add the freshness of her youthful voice to the staccato measures of *Astrafiammente*. Other singers are to assume novel rôles before the term of opera ends, in case preliminary promises are kept. These include revivals of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Falstaff," and the production of Massenet's "Hérodiade." How much the invariable rêpertoire will be altered by these three older works and the two Puccini operas remains to be seen. It is fair to say from the experience of former years that their influence will not be noticeable. Once more the Wagner operas, ranging from "Lohengrin" through the Nibelungen trilogy to "Tristan und Isolde," will majestically dominate the season's result, while the suavity of Gounod and the melody of Verdi will be next in importance. Occasional Mozart and Rossini, less frequent Bizet and Mascagni, and a scattering of other composers, will again make up the rêpertoire, just as in the past. The newer works will not be likely to impress themselves on a public demanding novelty in everything else but music. With the exception of two short Italian operas, no work sung at the Metropolitan within the last decade has made the least impression on the public. None has been able to hold the stage for more than a few representations. Audiences never tried to decide whether it liked them or not. They were allowed to disappear without a hearing. This may not be the fate of either "La Bohème" or "La Tosca," or Massenet's "Hérodiade," if that be sung. But it would be indulging ill-founded hopes to contemplate a sudden interest in a rêpertoire that contained more than a recurrence of "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Roméo et Juliette," and other operas equally familiar.

In a company made up of the most noted men and women in their art, it is natural that the principal singers should rarely change, and it is in the rank behind them that new talents are first exploited. This season a group of women singers, strangers hitherto, are to be introduced. Margaret MacIntyre, Lucienne Brêval, Fritzi Scheff, and Louise Homer compose this international quartet. Miss MacIntyre is English, Mlle. Brêval is French, Fräulein Scheff is Austrian, and Mrs. Homer an American. They represent interestingly the national elements in operatic art. Naturally Miss MacIntyre and Mrs. Homer, coming from countries that claim no national opera, are rather cosmopolitan than typical of either England or the United States. The two other artists are on the contrary in a high degree representative of the systems that produced them. Lucienne Brêval, who was born in Paris thirty years ago, studied at the Conservatory there, and went through the regular preparation made by all candidates to recognition by the National Academy of Music. She took honors at the close of her academic term, and was found eligible for the Opêra. Eight years ago she sang there for the first time as *Selika* in "L'Africaine," and since that time her services have been dedicated almost exclusively to this theatre. She has sung in the Reyer, Holmés, and Massenet operas that make up the exclusive rêpertoire of this national theatre, and she has also appeared as the Meyerbeer and Wagner heroines. Mlle. Brêval is said to represent the best traditions of the Paris Opêra, and whether they be accepted here or not it is certain that the institution holds fast to its standard. Musical talent comes to her by inheritance, and so does her adherence to the Paris Opêra, as her great grandfather once played the 'cello in the orchestra there. Mlle. Brêval has sung twice in London, and had not before been heard outside of her own country. She has come to be looked upon as a kind of priestess of French operatic art who is going to carry its theories to the outside world, which being outside of Paris is naturally in darkness. Her countrymen who interest themselves in music have come to take this view—which is not likely to be shared here. The methods of French operatic art are well understood here and not always approved. Only in the case of such a singer as Pol Plançon are they accepted as worthy of all praise. Mlle. Brêval is to be heard in the Meyerbeer operas, and if she has learned the rôles in German, her idea of the Wagner heroines may be revealed, and it will be interesting to see an *Eva*, *Brünnhilde*, and *Elsa* who has studied them at the national theatre of the country that so long struggled against their creator. Fräulein Scheff is an Austrian, daughter of an opera-singer and a professor in the musical conservatory at Vienna. She is in the early twenties, which is indeed youthful for one who has reached the Metropolitan stage, and made her first appearance four years ago in Munich. She has remained in the opera there, and, according to German traditions, appeared in operas that ranged from Offenbach to Mozart. It is in the Mozart operas that she will be chiefly heard, although London admired her in such a lyrical tragic as Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Miss MacIntyre left off all that was national in her art when, after having sung in oratorio for several years, she appeared in opera and kept in that career afterward. She is the daughter of an English army officer, was born at Brighton, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. The late Sir Arthur Sullivan selected her to sing the heroine of "Ivanhoe" when that work was used in the ambitious attempt made eight years ago to form a national English opera. Occasionally Miss MacIntyre sings in oratorio in England, but more often appears there in the foreign opera seasons, and sings then just as she does in the same works at St. Petersburg or Buenos Ayres. So there is not much more that is typically English about her career than Louise Homer can claim. She was born in Pittsburg, and was a Boston concert-singer for a while. When she went abroad to study, Paris was the place she chose, and her operatic work began at Vichy. She has sung all of the contralto rôles of the French and Italian rêpertoire at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, and at Covent Garden in London.

Georges Imbart de la Tour is the most notable of the new-comers among the men. He is French; left St.-Cyr, to which his father, a general, had sent him for a military career, and sang first at Geneva. Then he was called back to Paris and sang at the Opêra Comique. He has been associated with the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels for several years, and has in that time acquired a rêpertoire which should make him a valuable member of any company. He appears in most of the robust tenor rôles, and has won especial praise in France as a Wagner singer. Eugène Sizes is a barytone who has been nearly as exclusive as Mlle. Brêval in his devotion to the Paris Grand Opêra, although he has appeared in some of the French provincial cities. His musicianship is attested by his original intention to follow the career of a piano virtuoso. Robert Blass is a young New-Yorker who has made such progress in the four years he has been on the stage that he will sing next summer at Baireuth, and has been selected this year by Mr. Grau as Anton Van Rooy's successor. These two incidents are enough to proclaim him a notably promising singer.

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The Negro in New York

A STUDY OF THE SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN THE METROPOLIS

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED

THE prospect for the negro in New York city is not very encouraging. His race is not numerically very strong in the metropolis, and the number is not rapidly increasing either by births or by migrations from the South. The riot of August, when a mob attacked negroes in the streets without much, if any, restraint from the police, was even more of a surprise than it would have been at almost any time during the preceding quarter of a century. There have been no times when the negroes in New York were increasing with rapidity. At this time the opportunities of negroes are less in New York than they have ever been, and there does not seem any likelihood that present conditions will be immediately changed. This riot, however, has directed the attention of the people to the negro population, and if the truth be disclosed it may be that their present hard lot may in time be ameliorated.

The negro is not a new-comer in New York. He has been here for two centuries and a half. In the beginning and until 1785 he was a slave, but even during the time of bondage his condition was not much worse than now. The slavery that existed in New York was of a very mild sort, and the amiable Dutchmen who were the first slave-owners were very good and considerate masters. The English were not so gentle, and in the first half of the eighteenth century there were two severe disturbances, each marked with a loss of life. In 1709 there was so much traffic in slaves that a slave-market was opened in Wall Street, and black men and women were dealt in as though they were cattle or swine. The negroes were quite numerous in proportion to the white population, and there was always apprehension that there might be a slave uprising. In 1712 a house was burned, the slaves attacked the whites, and after killing several, were suppressed by the Royal troops of the garrison. For twenty-nine years there was comparative quiet, though one-fifth of the population was black. In 1741 there were ten thousand inhabitants of New York. Of these two thousand were negro slaves. There was an epidemic of incendiary fires. The investigations were not more scientifically judicial than the witchcraft trials in Salem. The most improbable and contradictory stories were believed, and many negroes were condemned in consequence. Some were hanged and some were burned at the stake. It was an anxious time in the little island city, and the officers of justice seem to have lost their heads pretty completely. This anxiety made slavery itself unpopular, and in 1785 the new State was quite willing to abolish the institution. At that time there were about 22,000 negro slaves in the State, a considerable proportion of these being held in and around the city. This abolition of slavery in New York did not cause the death of the slave trade, however, for this was participated in by New York merchants until the whole wretched business was wiped out by the civil war and the emancipation proclamation. Free negroes continued to live in New York from the time of the abolition of slavery until now, but they have always kept very much to themselves, living in colonies and engaged in a few special occupations in which they were reasonably prosperous. In 1850, when New York had a population of 515,547, there were 13,815 negroes in the city. This was not a formidable proportion, only about two and a half per cent., but the negroes then in the city were in many regards much better off than their successors are fifty years later. At that time the chief caterers of the city were negroes, as they continued to be in Philadelphia till a very few years ago. There were many barber shops manned by colored men. The whitewashing trade belonged almost exclusively to negroes. Negroes also were the private coachmen of the town, and not a few drove public hacks. The bootblack business was theirs, and very many, if not most, of the hotel dining-rooms and restaurants had negro waiters. This was half a century ago, when the opportunity for negro employment in New York was at high-water mark. From that mark it has been receding ever since. At first slowly, but in the past dozen years very rapidly.

In the decade between 1850 and 1860 the negro population in New York actually decreased. This was due to the immense influx of foreign population and the consequent competition in all the unskilled branches of labor, and also to the prejudice against the race incident to the fierce political passions which culminated in the civil war. In 1860 the population of New York was 805,651, while of negroes there were 12,472, or one and a half per cent. The occupations of these colored people were just about what they had been ten years before. And, indeed, there was no appreciable change in this until after 1880. During the decade ending in 1870 there was a slight increase in the colored population, but a decrease in the percentage. The whole population was 942,292, and the negroes numbered 13,072, or one and one-third per cent. By 1880 the number had increased to 19,663, which was a little in excess of one and a half per cent. of the total population of 1,206,299. This was the period when the decline in the industrial opportunities of the negroes in New York became very apparent. Nevertheless, they increased during the next decade both in numbers and in percentage of the whole. In 1890 the city's population was 1,515,301, and that of the negroes 25,674, or one and seven-tenths per cent. of the total. By this time there were few callings open to the men of the race, and the women who worked were chiefly employed in domestic service. But the increase up to the present year was steady, and the population now is estimated at 35,000. The census of this year puts the population of the Borough of Manhattan (all of these figures have had to do with this borough and not with the Greater New York) at 1,950,000, so the percentage is now slightly higher than it was ten years ago, having increased about one-tenth of one per cent.

It will be seen from the figures given above that the negroes in New York do not constitute a very considerable proportion of the population. The Irish, the Germans, the Italians, the Russians, and even the Scandinavians outnumber them, in the order given, while they are about as numerous as the French. Why there should be any race feeling against such an insignificant element of the population seems superficially strange. It is quite true that the Irish seem to have a natural antipathy to the negroes, but the other north-of-Europe races seem to have no natural feeling of repugnance and the Italians are quite devoid of it. The strangest thing about this strange problem is that so many native Americans should feel hostile—not actively hostile, but in sympathy with the lawless negro-baiters. I heard many native Americans, even New-Englanders, say after the riot that they would have been glad if many of the negroes had been killed. For this feeling, which there is no doubt of, there must be some other cause than mere race prejudice. It may be that this cause will be made clearer as I proceed.

Why, let us inquire, have the negroes in New York lost so many of the old-time opportunities for employment? Take the waiters in hotels and restaurants. This twenty-five and even twenty years ago was a great source of employment for negro men. Every middle-aged man can recall when very many of the best metropolitan hotels had negro servants. Some may continue to employ them. But very few. The trade of waiting, so far as negroes is concerned, has practically died out in New York. But why? The general introduction of French cooks had something to do with it, and the quicker intelligence of the white men who went into this trade had something more, while fashion completed the revolution which has supplanted the negroes in this employment. Your French cook rarely knows English; your negro never knows French. So these two could not communicate, and the negro waiter and the French cook had to part company. The young Germans and Frenchmen who make up the great body of dining-room servants in New York are much better educated than any save very exceptional negroes, and they undoubtedly seem more in earnest in the work that they do. That the negroes should suffer by this competition was as inevitable as any of the laws of nature. Fashion began to frown on the negro in hotel and domestic service many years ago. This attitude was partly one of prejudice and partly due to a love of comfort. The pigment in the skin of the black has an odor which is not agreeable to delicate olfactory nerves. At any rate, the negro waiters were displaced by whites in one place and another until the trade was practically no longer open to them.

Fifty, thirty, even twenty, years ago there were a great many negro coachmen in New York, and in the social scale the coachmen ranked next perhaps to the caterers. When we began to use English styles of equipage, to bang and dock our horses' tails, then we also cultivated a preference for English and Irish coachmen and stable hands. There was no race prejudice in this; it was to a very great extent a matter of style. But in this occupation also white men are more efficient. They are not only better drivers, but they

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are better horsemen. The negro is often most careless of the horses in his charge, and when he is in a temper he is very frequently cruel. There are negro coachmen still in New York, but compared with the number employed in the sixties and seventies they are very few.

Now, the negro caterers used to be men of much consideration and substance. Several of the men who flourished a generation ago left comfortable estates to their progeny. There may be negro caterers still in New York, but I do not recall to have been to an entertainment in twenty years where one was employed. In the old days there were colored men who ranked as Sherry and Delmonico do now. There are none such now, because the men of the race do not seem to be able to keep step in the march of progress.

As New York grew richer the people demanded greater luxury and more elegance. The negroes did not have enterprise enough to see this, and they have dropped out of the race. Then again the taste has changed as to cooking. The homely things which pleased our fathers and grandfathers do not completely satisfy us, and we require a French cook in a white cap instead of an old black mammy in a bandanna turban. In this field, as in others, the competition has been too strong for the colored men, and so the old caterers who used to serve the people who dwelt in the fashionable precincts of Bleecker Street and Washington Square have either been gathered to their fathers or shut up shop; and they have left no successors.

There were also a great many negro barbers in New York twenty-five years ago. There may be some still, but they are mostly engaged in barbering the men of their own race. Prejudice probably had much to do with killing this trade, but the indisposition on the part of some white people to get close to negroes had also something to do with it. At any rate, the trade is dead.

Then the whitewashing business used to seem to belong to negroes as though it was theirs by right. But there are few negroes now employed in this trade in New York. The house-painters and decorators and paper-hangers have taken it up, and the peripatetic darky whitewasher might walk his legs off in the metropolitan streets before finding a job. The boot-blacking business also once was his. But the Italians now have it. They conquered it. They put up thrones on the street corners, paying in work for the privilege, and then by doing better jobs they drove the negroes out of business.

There are no colored artisans in New York. The trades unions would prevent any such from receiving employment. As common laborers they are received on almost equal terms with others, but this is not an attractive occupation for the ambitious negroes who have come to New York to make fortunes. Even the women are not as much in demand for household servants as formerly. This decadence is due no doubt to the change in fashion, and possibly somewhat to a greater efficiency on the part of white servants. But the women are not sought as they once were. Even the people who came here from the Southern States, where negro servants are universal, prefer the Irish, German, and Scandinavian women as cooks, chambermaids, and waitresses.

In this rapid survey we have seen that the industrial opportunities for colored people have been lessening all the time, and now the sphere of their activities has become so narrow that it is a wonder that even thirty-five thousand of them can earn honest livings.

And they do not. The proportion of criminals among the negroes in New York is alarmingly large, and their influence is very dangerous. The birth-rate among the negroes in New York is small and the death-rate is large, being thirty in a thousand, as against nineteen in a thousand for the white population. If it were not for accessions from the South the negro population in New York would by no means hold its own. It is in these accessions that there is great danger. The best of the race in the country know or soon learn that the opportunities in New York are limited in comparison with those in Southern cities, so they stay away. They are not influenced in the same way that white people are towards New York.

A white man of ability, when he feels his strength to be above that of his fellows in his own neighborhood, is much inclined towards New York, where success means so much more than it does in smaller places. New York's white population, therefore, is always being re-enforced by the strongest and hardiest and most adventuresome of the men of the country. So also the particularly alert among the vicious and criminal know that their opportunities for wrong-doing are wider in the metropolis, and they hurry to it. The good negro in the South knows there is scanter chance for him in New York than at home, so he stays at home. The vicious and criminal negroes in the South know that their field of vice is broader in New York, so the more sturdy of these rogues come hither. The good stay away and the evil pour in. This is very bad, but it is made a hundredfold worse by reason of the necessity which compels all classes of negroes to huddle together in New York.

Property is not rented to negroes in New York until white people will no longer have it. Then rents are put up from thirty to fifty per cent., and negroes are permitted to take a street or sometimes a neighborhood. There are really not many negro sections, and all that exist are fearfully crowded. Nor are there good neighborhoods and bad neighborhoods. Into each all classes are compelled to go, and the virtuous and the vicious elbow each other in the closest kind of quarters. This is a great source of moral contagion, and vice spreads with great rapidity among the women of such quarters. During the day the decent men are at work. Then the vicious and the idle have full sway. If it were possible to make a census of the negroes and go into this phase of their social condition, I have no doubt that it would be found that more men of the race are idle and without visible means of support in proportion to the total number than in any other neighborhood in the world except those frankly given over to the criminal classes.

The testimony of clergymen and other religious workers among the negroes is to the effect that the harm done by this crowding is so serious that it is always threatening to undo the good work of the churches. This is very disheartening to the more intelligent among the negroes, and they see no remedy so long as this dreadful overcrowding continues. One clergyman said to me that when he saw the dreadful discomforts of the places that negroes in New York had to call home he could not in his heart blame them for drinking, if that mitigated the hardships of their unwholesome dwellings.

The landlords undoubtedly treat the negroes with very little kindness. They charge enormous rentals for very inferior houses and tenements, which yield more when the negroes have taken possession than they did in time of seemingly greater prosperity. Of course negroes in a neighborhood put a blight upon it, but the owners get a very large reward by reason of the higher rentals. Moreover, they make no repairs, and the property usually goes to rack and ruin. The negroes are not responsible for this, even though they are the cause. I knew a negro adventurer who took advantage of this prejudice against his people and made profit out of it. He would select a promising land-and-improvement scheme and through a white man would buy a lot. After a dozen houses had gone up he would appear on the scene with a gang of Italians and begin digging a cellar. The neighbors, always interested in new improvements, would ask who was to build. "I am," the negro would reply. "I am building a home for myself and family." In a little while there would be consternation in that neighborhood, and the promoter of the scheme would be visited. His scheme would be ruined if the negro persisted. The negro would express great determination to go ahead. Then in self-defence the promoter would buy him out at a handsome profit to the negro. He did this half a dozen times in as many years, making in the aggregate a handsome profit. As a rule, however, the negroes in New York are not beholden to the property-owners for anything except discomfort and extortion. If they stay in New York they are compelled to live in places where health, decency, and privacy are all but impossible. Housed as they are it is wonderful that they should be as good as they are; it is wonderful that they are not all entirely worthless.

Nearly all of the negroes in New York are literate—that is, nearly all can read and write. Few, however, have even a common-school education, and those who are liberally educated are but an insignificant remnant. Dr. DuBois of the University of Pennsylvania has made an exhaustive study of the negro in Philadelphia and also in other places further south. He says: "The great deficiency of the negro is his small knowledge of the art of organized social life—that last expression of human culture. His development in group life was abruptly broken off by the slave-ship, directed into abnormal channels, and dwarfed by the Black Codes, and suddenly wrenched anew by the Emancipation Proclamation. He finds himself, therefore, peculiarly weak in that nice adaptation of individual life to the life of the group which is the essence of civilization. This is shown in the grosser forms of sexual immorality, disease, and crime, and also in the difficulty of race organization for common ends in economic or in intellectual lines."

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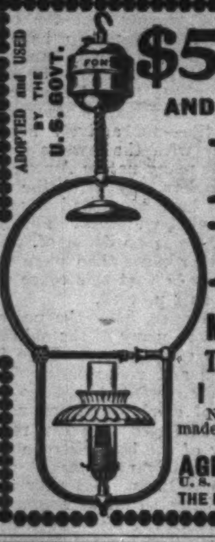
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The Porto-Rican Commissioner

IN accordance with the provisions of the Foraker bill passed at the last session of Congress, Porto Rico is entitled to elect, every two years, a resident Commissioner to the United States, who shall be entitled to official recognition as such by all the departments.

Mr. Frederic Degetau y Gonzalez has been elected to serve in this capacity. He was born thirty-seven years ago in Ponce, Porto Rico, where he received his early education. He was sent to Europe to complete his education, and to prepare himself for a law course in the Central University of Madrid, from where he graduated with high honors in 1887. When, in the fall of 1887, known as the "Year of Terror" in Porto Rico, Governor-General Palacio instituted what was known as "El Componte," that is, the punishing and persecuting of everybody connected with the Autonomist party, Degetau, still in Madrid, immediately set to work to have General Palacio deposed. He founded a newspaper called *La Isla de Puerto Rico*, devoted principally to scathing and vigorous attacks on Palacio and his rule. He distributed the paper throughout Spain. He gave it away gratis to the venders, on the condition that they should set up such a shout and clamor of *La Isla de Puerto Rico* that nothing else would be heard in Madrid, the venders reaping the benefit of all the sales. So relentlessly was this attack carried on, that the Court could no longer turn a deaf ear to it or remain indifferent, and to avert impending dangers Palacio was removed. So soon as his purpose had been accomplished, Degetau discontinued the paper.

In 1896 he was one of a Commission of four sent to Spain to obtain autonomy for Porto Rico. Under the autonomous government in Porto Rico, he was elected Representative from Ponce to the Congress at Madrid. He staid in Madrid until the treaty of peace with the United States was signed, when he returned to the island. Under General Henry's régime he was Secretary of the Interior. He was also a member of the Executive Council, from which he resigned to accept the nomination of Commissioner to the United States.

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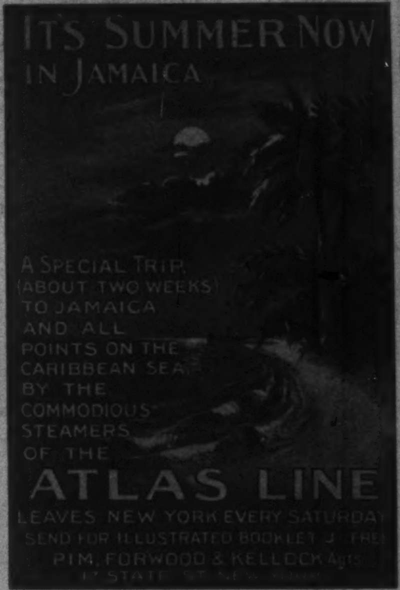

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

IT is a common incident of the first half of December that the money-market of New York should undergo something like stringency. During the crop movement currency is drawn through the Sub-Treasury to the West and South. The amount thus drawn in the course of two months this year—in unusual proportion to New Orleans—reached $20,000,000, which is nearly twice as much as last year. At the same time the general volume of bank transactions due to the demands of business show a considerable increase. In November the clearings exceeded those of last year by 15.2 per cent. in New York, and by 10.7 per cent. for the country at large. Following the customary drain from the banks of the chief financial centre for the crop movement, there has been quite an unusual drawing from the deposits there by the banks of the interior. The result has been a further lowering of the reserves instead of a recovery.

At the same time the banks are compelled to accumulate funds to some extent in preparation for the large disbursements for interest and dividends payable at the beginning of the year. For this they have to call in loans, and exercise caution in making new ones, and inevitably the rates for money on call advance. They have been ranging from 4 to 6 per cent., with a tendency to go higher under any exceptional demand. The Sub-Treasury is also at this time of year collecting more than it is paying out, which adds to the strain. Notwithstanding conditions which seemed likely to produce an unusual stringency, it has been less felt than in former years, and much less than a year ago. One reason has no doubt been the fuller volume of currency. There has been a steady advance in the amount of gold held by the Treasury and by the banks. The amount produced in the country is about $6,000,000 a month, and the net export for the whole year hardly exceeds that sum. The bulk of the output has been added to the money supply and gone into the Treasury and the reserves of banks. Under the operation of the currency act of last March about $80,000,000 has been added to the bank circulation, which lessened the demand for the transfer from the East to the West and South, and made it easier to meet.

Another favorable condition has been the lack of speculation on the Stock Exchange, with the attendant disturbance of confidence, such as occurred in December last year. There has been a well-sustained activity in stocks, but it has not been largely speculative or carried on upon borrowed money. Much of it has been due to investment buying and the dealings of those who are abundantly supplied with funds, and a good deal has had an international character, and latterly there has been more foreign buying than selling, which has had a weakening effect upon Exchange.

There is still a complaint that this annual stringency in the money-market is due to unremedied defects in our currency system, especially in the national-bank circulation. Its expansion depends rather on the price of government bonds, with which it is secured, than upon the demands of business for a medium of exchange, and it does not contract readily when those demands fall off. A greater evil perhaps is the operation of the Sub-Treasury, which brings the government into constant contact with the money-market, and forces the Secretary of the Treasury to come to its relief when an excess of revenue over expenditures drains the channels of the currency. Just now funds accumulate in the Sub-Treasury when they are most needed in the banks, and are got out by anticipating payments of interest on the public debt, and kept out by increasing deposits of internal revenue in selected national banks. There is also a likelihood of a new purchase of unmatured bonds to keep down the Treasury surplus.

The leading railroad stocks have been especially strong on the Exchange, and are frequently affected by new reports of consolidation of interests. One of the latest has been to the effect that New York Central has been acquiring control of Reading with a view to a new through connection to the West *via* the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg, with the Beech Creek branch as a connection, and a newly constructed link of about 100 miles. Another report concerns a stronger combination of the coal roads, and the acquisition by one or more of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, which is the strongest of the independent operators in the anthracite fields. If control of that concern is acquired by the Erie, or by a combination of coal roads, it must be intended to put a quietus upon the project for a new railroad from the Wyoming Valley to the Hudson River at Kingston.